

A 34c  
COLLECTION  
OF  
LOYAL SONGS 33

Written against the

**Rump Parliament,**

Between the Years 1639 and 1661.

CONTAINING,

A great Variety of Merry and Diverting  
Characters of the Chief Sectaries, who  
were the Principal Actors in that whole  
Scene of Affairs.

With an Historical Introduction to the  
Whole.

---

In Two Volumes. V O L. I.

---

WISE MEN *suffer*, GOOD MEN *grieve*,  
Knaves *devise*, and Fools *believe*,  
*Help, O Lord, send Aid unto us,*  
*Else Knaves and Fools, will quite undo us.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. STONE, near *Grays-Inn*, and sold  
by G. STRAHAN, in *Cornhill*; J. JACKSON, in  
*Pall-Mall*; J. STAGG, in *Westminster-Hall*; and  
J. BRINDLEY, in *New Bond-street*. 1731.



W. Musgrave.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Storer, near Gray's Inn, and sold  
by G. Storer, in Cornhill; J. Jackson, in  
St. Martin's Lane; J. Smith, in Pall Mall; and  
J. Bingley, in New Bond Street.

TO ALL  
**TRUE LOVERS**  
OF OUR  
**CONSTITUTION**  
BOTH IN  
**CHURCH and STATE,**

This COLLECTION of LOYAL-  
SONGS (hoping they will contribute  
towards making us both Merry and  
Wife) is most humbly Dedicated  
by

*Their most*

*Obedient Servant,*

**The EDITOR.**

TO A  
TURN LOVERS  
OF OUR  
CONSTITUTION  
BY  
CHURCH AND STATE

This Collection of Letters  
Songs (hoping they will contribute  
towards making us both Merry and  
Wise) is most humbly Dedicated  
by

Wm. May  
Glebe Church

The Editor.





# THE INTRODUCTION.



THE Publick, we hope, will excuse the Delay, under which this Work (not so easy in *Practice*, as it seemed to be in *Theory*) has, this long while, laboured; since, in the Care and Accuracy of its Compilation, they will find an abundant Compensation made for the Exercise of their Patience.

For the Reader is to know, that those *Songs* were made in the Time of the *Great Rebellion*; when that Mad and Enthusiastick Spirit, which then reigned in this Nation, filled us with Murther and Bloodshed; destroyed the best of Kings, subverted our happy Constitution, and introduced a wild State of Anarchy and Confusion.

## INTRODUCTION.

in *Church and State*, that his Majesty's good Subjects are, by this Means, furnished with a Set of Songs, which represent, (in their proper and lively Colours,) the Madness and Horrors of the *Great Rebellion*; whereby they may be taught to sing themselves *insensibly* into a settled Loyalty, and (if possible) to make those, who are of a contrary Opinion, *ashamed*, if not convinced, of the Naughtiness of their *Principles*.

For, when all's said and done, your *serious* Discourses will not make that Impression upon Minds, full of themselves, and deeply prejudiced against Conviction, as will a witty Banter, or pleasant Turn, which *shews the Man to himself*, and sets his Opinion in a new and surprizing Light: Infomuch, that we may venture to say, all the serious Arguments, which, for these many Years, have been advanced in behalf of *Episcopacy and Monarchy*, will not have the Effect upon a rigid *Non-Conformist*, either to overcome his *Obstinacy*, or make him give up the Debate, as will, the *Curtain Lecture*, the *Round-Head's Race*, the *Scotch War*, the *Mad Zealot*, the *Holy Pedlar*, or *Cuckolds all a-row*; the *Scots Curanto*, or *Schismatick Rotundo's*; the *Independents Resolve*, the *Levellers Rant*, or almost

## INTRODUCTION.

almost any other Composition in the whole Number, when sung with a proper Grace and Air, be found to have.

What the incomparable *Butler* has done, by representing the *Factors* for *Rebellion*, and the vile *Pretenders* to *Religion* of former Ages, in their proper and native Dress, in order to prevent the Nation from relapsing into the like *Distraction*; that, have we endeavoured to do in the following Collection, *viz.* To infuse a Spirit of Loyalty into our Fellow-Subjects, and to make Faction and Hypocrisy for ever ashamed to shew their Heads again. And tho' we are not insensible that we may incur the Dislike of some, yet this gives us the less Concern, both because we are conscious of the Goodness of our Design, and have the Sentiments of the *Poet* to support us under it.

*Si mala Condiderit in quem quis Carmina, jus est  
Judiciumque. Esto, si quis mala; sed bona si quis  
Judice, condiderit, laudatur Cæsare, si quis  
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse.*

Hor. L. I. Sat. I.





# THE CONTENTS Of the First Volume.

<b>T</b> HE <i>States New Cain.</i>	Page 1
<i>A Song.</i>	3
<i>The Zealous Puritan.</i>	4
<i>A Song.</i>	6
<i>Mr. Hampden's Speech against Peace at the close-Committee.</i>	8
<i>England's Woe.</i>	12
<i>A Song.</i>	14
<i>The Humble Petition of the House of Commons.</i>	17
<i>The Answer to the Petition, &amp;c.</i>	20
<i>The Parliament's Pedigree.</i>	23
<i>The French Report.</i>	25
<i>The Complaint.</i>	27
<i>To the City of London.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>The Character of a Roundhead 1641.</i>	30
<i>A Curtain Lecture.</i>	31
<i>A mad World my Masters.</i>	35
<i>The Parliament Hymns.</i>	38
<i>The Roundhead's Race.</i>	40
<i>Pym's Anarchy.</i>	41
<i>The Caution. A Song.</i>	43
	Lilly

# The CONTENTS.

Lilly Contemn'd. A Song.	p. 45
Upon bringing in the Plate.	47
The Sense of the House, &c.	50
The Scotch War.	58
The Power of Money.	60
Contentment.	65
On the Goldsmiths Committee.	67
The mad Zealot.	69
On Banishing the Ladies out of Town.	73
Loyalty confin'd.	76
The Penitent Traytor, &c.	79
The five Members Thanks to the Parliament.	84
London's farewell to the Parliament.	87
A Song.	92
Sir John Hotham's Alarm.	93
The Cavalier's Prayer.	95
A Western Wonder.	97
A Song.	98
A Song in Defence of Christmas.	99
A Bill on St. Paul's Church-Door.	102
A Song.	ibid.
On Col. Venne's Encouragement to his Soldiers.	104
A second Western Wonder.	107
The Battle of Worcester.	109
A Lenten Litany.	114
The second Part.	117
The Holy Pedlar.	119
The way to wooe a zealous Lady.	122
A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.	124
The Commoners.	127
The Scots Curanto.	129
On the Schismatick Rotundo's.	132
On demolishing the Forts.	134
Upon routing the Scots Army.	137
The Disloyal Timist.	140
A Medley.	142
A Medley of the Nations.	144
	A Med-

# The CONTENTS.

<i>A Medley.</i>	p. 149
<i>The Levellers Rant.</i>	154
<i>The Safety.</i>	155
<i>The Leveller.</i>	158
<i>The Royalists Answer.</i>	161
<i>The Independents Resolve.</i>	164
<i>The Lamentation.</i>	165
<i>The Reformation.</i>	167
<i>Chronosticon Decollationis, &amp;c.</i>	172
<i>The Rebellion.</i>	174
<i>Upon the Cavaliers departing out of London.</i>	179
<i>On Coll. Pride.</i>	180
<i>Upon the General Pardon pass'd by the Rump.</i>	186
<i>Upon Oliver's dissolving the Parliament.</i>	189
<i>Admiral Dean's Funeral.</i>	192
<i>The Merry Good-Fellow.</i>	199
<i>The Rebels Reign.</i>	201
<i>The Resolve.</i>	205
<i>The Allegory, upon Cromwell's pulling out the Long Parliament.</i>	207
<i>The Advice.</i>	210
<i>Sharers in the Government. A Medley.</i>	212
<i>Upon Cromwell's refusing the Kingly Power.</i>	214
<i>The Encounter.</i>	217
<i>The good Old Cause.</i>	219
<i>The protecting Brewer.</i>	221
<i>The Power of the Sword.</i>	223
<i>Cromwell's Coronation.</i>	225
<i>The Brewer.</i>	227
<i>News from Colchester, &amp;c.</i>	231
<i>The four-leg'd Quaker.</i>	235
<i>Win at first loose at last: Or, a new Game at Cards.</i>	242
<i>The Lawyer's Lamentation for the loss of Charing- Cross.</i>	247
<i>The Cavalier.</i>	249
	The



# The CONTENTS.

<i>The Committee.</i>	p. 252
<i>To a fair Lady weeping for her Husband, committed to Prison by the Parliament.</i>	254
<i>An Epitaph.</i>	256
<i>On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle that hang'd himself.</i>	258
<i>The Royalist.</i>	259
<i>The new Courtier.</i>	261
<i>For General Monk's Entertainment, &amp;c.</i>	263



BOOKS

22. The Life of Jane Shore, with a fine Copy  
 21. Milton's Paradise Lost, 12s.  
 20. Swift's Miscellanies, 8 Vol. 12s.  
 19. Swift's Poems, 5 Vol. 12s.  
 18. Swift's Works, 5 Vol. 12s.  
 17. Bishop Berkeley's Works, 12s.  
 16. Cyder, a Poem, and the Shepherd's Shilling.  
 15. Callisto, or The Art of getting pretty  
 Children, with Cuts, by Mr. Oldmixon, 12s.  
 14. The Tale of a Tub, with Cuts and Notes, 12s.  
 13. Swift's Miscellanies, 8 Vol. 12s.  
 12. Swift's Poems, 5 Vol. 12s.  
 11. Swift's Works, 5 Vol. 12s.  
 10. Bishop Berkeley's Works, 12s.  
 9. Cyder, a Poem, and the Shepherd's Shilling.  
 8. Callisto, or The Art of getting pretty  
 Children, with Cuts, by Mr. Oldmixon, 12s.  
 7. The Tale of a Tub, with Cuts and Notes, 12s.  
 6. Swift's Miscellanies, 8 Vol. 12s.  
 5. Swift's Poems, 5 Vol. 12s.  
 4. Swift's Works, 5 Vol. 12s.  
 3. Bishop Berkeley's Works, 12s.  
 2. Cyder, a Poem, and the Shepherd's Shilling.  
 1. Callisto, or The Art of getting pretty  
 Children, with Cuts, by Mr. Oldmixon, 12s.

BOOKS Printed, and Sold by *J. Stone*, near  
Bedford-Row.

1. *Shakeſpear's Works*, 9 Vol. 12mo.
2. *Spectator*, 8 Vol. 12mo.
3. *Guardian*, 2 Vol. 12mo.
4. *Turkiſh Spy*, 8 Vol. 12mo.
5. *Hiſtory of the laſt War in Spain*, 8vo.
6. *Gulliver's Travels*, 12mo.
7. *Græke Septuaginta*, 8 Vol. 8vo.
8. *Account of the Burning of London in 1666*.
9. *Conference between the Duke of Buckingham and Father Fitzgerald, an Iriſh Jeſuit, ſent by King James II. to Convert his Grace in his Sickneſs to the Romiſh Religion; with the Character of King Charles II. by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham*.
10. *Commercium Epiſtolicum D. Johannis Col-  
lins, & aliorum de Analife Promota*.
11. *A Treatiſe on Humane Underſtanding, by  
the great Huetius, Author of Demonſtratio Evan-  
gelica, &c. with an Hiſtorical Encomium on the Au-  
thor and his Works, by Abbot Olivet*.
12. *The Rape of Proſerpine, from Claudian; by  
Mr. J. Hughes*.
13. *A New Canting Dictionary, comprehend-  
ing all the Terms, Ancient and Modern, of that  
kind*, 12o.
14. *Biſhop Beveridge on the Pſalms*, 12o.
15. *Congreve's Works*, 3 Vol. 12o.
16. *Prior's Poems*, 3 Vol. 12o.
17. *Cyder, a Poem, and the Splendid Shilling,  
by J. Phillips*.
18. *Callipædia: Or, The Art of getting pretty  
Children, with Cuts, by Mr. Oldſworth*, 12o.
19. *Swiſt's Miscellanies*, 3 Vol. 12o.
20. *The Tale of a Tub, with Cuts and Notes*, 12o.
21. *Milton's Paradise loſt*, 12o.
22. *The Life of Jane Shore, with a fine Cut by  
Guernier, repreſenting her doing Penance in St.  
Paul's Church-Yard*.

A C O L



A COLLECTION of  
**LOYAL SONGS.**

---

VOLUME I.

---

I.

The STATES NEW COIN.



A W you the States Money new  
come from the Mint ?

Some People do say it is wonderous  
fine ;

And that you may read a great  
Mystry in't,

Of mighty King ~~St~~ol, the Lord of the Coin.

II.

They have quite omitted his Politick Head,  
His Worshipful Face, and his excellent Nose ;  
But the better to tempt the Sisters to Bed,  
They have fixed upon it the Print of his Hose.

VOL. I.

B

For,



## III.

For, if they had set up his Picture there,  
They needs must ha' crown'd him in CHARLES's  
stead ;

But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,  
And rather would set up his Ar--e than his Head.

## IV.

'Tis monstrous strange, and yet it is true,  
In this Reformation we should have such luck,  
That Crosses were always disdained by you,  
Who before pull'd them down, should now set  
them up.

## V.

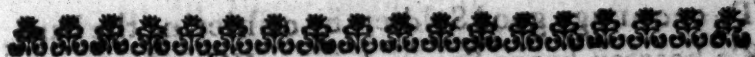
On this Side they have circumscrib'd *God with us*,  
And in this Stamp and Coin they confide ;  
*Common-Wealth* on the other, by which we may  
guess,  
That *God* and the *States* were not both of a Side.

## VI.

On this Side they have Cross and Harp,  
And only a Cross on the other set forth ;  
By which we may learn, it falls to our part  
Two Crosses to have for one Bit of Mirth.



A SONG.



## II.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Old Soldier.*

**T**O make *Charles* a great King, and give him no  
Power,

To Honour him much, and not obey him an Hour;  
To provide for his Safety, and take away his Tower,  
And to prove all is sweet, be it never so sower.

*The new Order of the Land, and the Lands new Order.*

To secure Men their Lives, Liberties and Estates  
By arbitrary Power, as it pleaseth the Fates  
To take away Taxes, by imposing great Rares,  
And to make us a Plaister by breaking our Pares,

*The new Order, &c.*

To sit and consult for ever and a Day,  
To counterfeit Treason by a Parliamentary way;  
To quiet the Land by a tumultuous sway,  
New Plots to devise, then them to betray.

*The new Order, &c.*

To leave all Votes free by using of Force;  
That one make Petitions for Courtiers by Course,  
To make *Pym* as great as his Mother's great Horse,  
Which *William* left *Agnus*, though his Meaning was  
worse.

*The new Order, &c.*

## 4 A COLLECTION of

To encourage good Soldiers by cashiering the Band;  
To hearten brave Spirits by expelling the Land;  
To quit *Digby* and *Deering*, whom they can't understand ;

To frame not new Laws, but new Words, if well scann'd.

*The new Order, &c.*

To put by brave Doctors, because th'are not taught,  
To set up Preachers, Men very well wrought,  
Who all th' Day fish, but nothing ere caught,  
This, Brethren, were good, if not very naught.

*The new Order, &c.*

To send them their Zealots to Heaven in a String,  
Who else to Confusion Religion will bring,  
Who say the Lord's Prayer is a Popish Thing,  
Who pray for themselves, but leave out their King.  
*The new Order of the Lana, and the Lands new Order.*



### III.

## The ZEALOUS PURITAN.

**M**Y Brethren all attend,  
And list to my Relation:  
This is the Day, mark what I say,  
Tends to your Renovation;  
Stay not among the Wicked,  
Lest that with them you perish,

But



But let us to *New-England* go,  
And the *Pagan People* cherish;  
*Then for the Truths sake come along, come along,*  
*Leave this place of Superstition :*  
*Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,*  
*You would sink into Perdition.*

There you may teach our Hymns,  
Without the Laws Controulment :  
We need not fear, the Bishops there,  
Nor Spiritual-Courts Inroulment ;  
Nay, Surplice shall not fright us,  
Nor superstitious Blindness ;  
Nor Scandals rise, when we disguise,  
And our Sisters kiss in Kindness ;  
*Then for the Truths sake, &c.*

For Company I fear not,  
There goes my Cousin *Hannah*,  
And *Rubek* so, perswades to go  
My Cousin *Joyce*, *Susannah*.  
With *Abigal* and *Faith*,  
And *Ruth*, no doubt, comes after ;  
And *Sarah* kind, will not stay behind  
My Cousin *Constance* Daughter ;  
*Then for the Truths sake, &c.*

*Tom Tyler* is prepared,  
And the Smith as black as a Coal ;  
*Ralph* Cocker too with us will go,  
For he regardeth his Soul ;

The Weaver, honest *Simon*,  
 With *Prudence*, *Jacob's* Daughter,  
 And *Sarah*, she, and *Barbary*  
 Professeth to come after ;  
*Then for the Truths sake, &c.*

When we, that are elected,  
 Arrive in that fair Country,  
 Even by our Faith, as the Brethren saith,  
 We will not fear our Entry ;  
 The Psalms shall be our Musick,  
 Our time spent in expounding,  
 Which in our Zeal we will reveal  
 To the Brethrens Joy abounding ;  
*Then for the Truths sake, &c.*



## IV.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of, *Blue Cap for me.*

LET *Scots* now return at *Lesley's* demand,  
 How all the Affairs in the North-part do  
 stand ;  
 And tell him the Parliament is fully agreed  
 To send him good store of Money with Speed,  
 To serve their occasions ; thus say, they shall find  
 For to come to pass, when the Devil is blind.  
 Let

Let all their Brethren be new circumcis'd,  
 And *Barton* and *Pym* for Saints canoniz'd,  
 And at the Sacrament sit for their ease,  
 And pray unto God, even just when they please :  
 The *Scots* in despite shall please their own mind,  
 And do what they please, when the Devil is  
 blind.

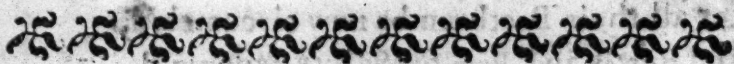
Next they will have in each City and Town  
 All painted Glas-windows to be pulled down;  
 One Bell in a Church to call them away,  
 It's enough when the Spirit doth move them to  
 pray ;  
 Without any Surplice or Tipper behind  
 The Priest shall say Service, when the Devil is  
 blind.

Lastly, the Parliament in any case  
 Will down with all Organs, for Piping is base ;  
 No cringing below the Altar shall be,  
 For that is a trick of Idolatry :  
 Now tell me good *Scots*, are not *Englishmen* kind,  
 But when this comes to pass, say the Devil is  
 blind.





A COLLECTION of



V.

*Mr. Hampden's Speech against Peace at  
the close Committee.*

*To the Tune of, I went from England.*

**B**UT will you now to Peace incline,  
And languish in the main Design,  
And leave us in the lurch?

I would not Monarchy destroy,  
But only as the way t' enjoy,  
The ruin of the Church.

Is not the Bishops Bill deny'd,  
And we still threatned to be try'd?

You see the King embraces  
Those Counsellours he approv'd before;  
Nor doth he promise, which is more,  
That we shall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*?  
(For 'tis no Secret new) the Plot

Was *Sayes* and mine together:  
Did I for this return again,  
And spend a Winter there in vain?

I went more to invite them hither:

Though

## LOYAL - SONGS.

9

Though more our Money than our Cause  
Their Brotherly assistance draws,

My labour was not lost :

At my Return I brought you thence

Necessity, their strong Pretence,

And those shall quit the Cost.

Did I for this my Country bring

To help their Knight against their King,

And raise the first Sedition?

Though I the Business did decline,

Yet I contriv'd the whole Design,

And sent them their Petition.

So many Nights spent in the City

In that invisible Committee ;

The Wheel that governs all ;

From thence the Change in Church and State,

And all the Mischiefs bear the date

From *Haberdashers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to despair,

Upon the King to cast the War,

To make the World abhor him?

Because the Rebels us'd his Name,

Though we our selves can do the same,

While both alike were for him.

Then the same Fire we kindled here  
 With that, was given to quench it there,  
     And wisely lost that Nation :  
 To do as crafty Beggars use,  
 To maim themselves thereby to abuse  
     The simple Man's Compassion.

Have I so often past between  
*Windsor and Westminster* unseen,  
     And did my self divide:  
 To keep his Excellence in awe,  
 And give the Parliament the Law,  
     For they knew none beside ?

Did I for these take pains to teach  
 Our zealous Ignorants to preach,  
     And did their Lungs inspire,  
 Read them their Text, shew'd them their Parts,  
 And taught them all their little Arts,  
     To fling abroad the Fire.

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,  
 And say the Cavaliers are beaten,  
     And broke the Peoples ears ;  
 Then freight when Victory grows cheap,  
 And will no more advance the heap,  
     To raise the price of Fears.

And



And now the Book, and now the Bells,  
And now the A& the Preacher tells

To edifie the People ;  
All our Divinity is News,  
And we have made of equal use  
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And shall we kindle all this Flame,  
Only to put it out again,  
And must we now give o're,  
And only end where we begun  
In vain this Mischief we have done,  
If we can do no more.

If Men in Peace can have their Right,  
Where's the Necessity to fight,  
That breaks both Law, the Oath ;  
They'll say they fight not for the Cause,  
Nor to defend the King and Laws,  
But as against them both.

Either the Cause at first was ill,  
Or being good it was so still ;  
And thence they will infer,  
That either now, or at the first  
They were deceiv'd ; or which is worse,  
That we our selves may err.

And

But Plague and Famine will come in,  
For they and we are near of kin,

And cannot go afunder:

But while the wicked starve, indeed  
The Saints have ready at their need

God's Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are, if we prevail,  
And Gallant Villains if we fail,

When to our Fame 'tis told;

It will not be our last of Praise,  
Since a new State we could not raise

To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and fight, and vote  
Till *London* is not worth a Groat;

Oh 'tis a patient Beast:

When we have gall'd and tir'd the Mule,  
And can no longer have the Rule,

We'll have the Spoil at least.



VI.

*Englands Woe.*

I Mean to speak of *Englands* sad fate,  
To help in mean time the King, and his Mate,  
That's ruled by an Antipodian State,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But

But had these seditious Times been when  
 We had the Life of wise Poet Ben,  
 Parsons had never been parliament Men,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Had Statesmen read the Bible throughout,  
 And not gone by the Bible so round about,  
 They would have ruled themselves without doubt,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But Puritans now bear all the sway,  
 They'll have no Bishops as most Men say,  
 But God send them better another day,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Zealous Pym has threatned a great downfall,  
 To cut off long Locks that is bushy and small,  
 But I hope he will not take Ears and all,  
*Which no body can deny.*

P——Burton, says Women that're lewd and loose,  
 Shall wear no stallion Locks for a Bush,  
 They'll only have private Boys for their use,  
*Which no body can deny.*

They'll not allow what pride it brings,  
 Nor favours in Hats, nor no such things  
 They'll convert all Ribbons to Bible strings,  
*Which no body can deny.*

God

But



# 14 A COLLECTION of

God bleſs our King and Parliament,  
And ſend he may make ſuch Knaves repent,  
That breed our Land ſuch diſcontent,  
*Which no body can deny.*

And bleſs our Queen and Prince alſo,  
And all true Subjects both high and low,  
The Brownings can pray for themſelves, you know,  
*Which no body can deny.*



## VII.

### A SONG.

To the Tune of, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

**K** NOW this my Brethren Heaven is clear,  
And all the Clouds are gone,  
The righteous Men ſhall flouriſh now  
Good days are coming on;  
Come then my Brethren and be glad,  
And eke rejoyce with me,  
Lawn ſleeves and Rochets ſhall go down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

Wc'll

We'll break the Windows which the Where  
Of *Babylon* hath painted,  
And when the Popish Saints are down,  
Then *Burges* shall be Sainted ;  
There's neither Cross nor Crucifix  
shall stand for Men to see,  
*Romes* Trash and Trumpery shall go down,  
And hey then up go we.

What e'er the Popish Hands have built,  
Our Hammers shall undoe,  
We'll break their Pipes, and burn their Copes,  
And pull down *Churches* too :  
We'll exercise within the Groves,  
And teach beneath a Tree,  
We'll make a *Pulpit* of a *Cask*,  
And hey then up go we.

We'll down with all the *Universities*,  
Where Learning is profest,  
Because they practice and maintain  
The Language of the Beast ;  
We'll drive the *Doctors* out of doors,  
And parts what ere they be ;  
We'll cry all *Arts* and *Learning* down,  
And hey then up go we.

We'll down with *Deans* and *Prebends* too,  
And I rejoyce to tell ye  
How that, we will eat *Pigs* our fill,  
And *Capon* by the belly ;

We'll

We'll burn the *Fathers* Learned Books,  
And make the School-men flee;  
We'll down with all that smells of wit,  
*And hey then up go we.*

If once the *Antichristian* crew  
Be crush'd and overthrown,  
We'll teach the Nobles how to stoop,  
And keep the Gentry down:  
Good manners have an ill report,  
And turns to pride we see,  
We'll therefore cry good manners down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

The name of *Lords* shall be abhorr'd,  
For every Man's a Brother,  
No reason why in *Church* and *State*  
One Man should rule another;  
But when the Change of Government  
Shall set our fingers free  
We'll make the wanton *Sisters* stoop,  
*And hey then up go we.*

What though the *King* and *Parliament*  
Do not accord together,  
We have more cause to be content,  
This is our Sun-shine weather;  
For if that reason should take place,  
And they should once agree,  
Who would be in a *Round-heads* case,  
*For hey then up go we.*

What



What should we do then in this case,  
 Let's put it to a venture,  
 If that we hold out seven years space,  
 We'll sue out our Indenture.  
 A time may come to make us rue,  
 And time may set us free,  
 Except the Gallows claim his due,  
 For hey, then up go we.



VIII.

*The Humble Petition of the House of  
 Commons.*

**I**F Charles thou wilt but be so kind  
 To give us leave to take our mind,  
 Of all thy store:  
 When we thy Loyal Subjects, find  
 Th'ast nothing left to give behind,  
 We'll ask no more.

First, for Religion, it is meet  
 We make it go upon new Feet,  
 'Twas lame before;  
 One from Geneva would be sweer,  
 Let Warwick fetch't home with his Fleet,  
 We'll ask no more.

Let

# 18 A COLLECTION of

Let us a Consultation call  
Of Honest men, but Round-heads all,  
God knows wherefore;  
Allow them but a place to bawl  
'Gainst Bishops Courts Canonical,  
We'll ask no more.

Let him be hang'd a Surplice wears,  
And Tippet on his shoulders bears,  
Rags of the Whore;  
Secure us from our needless fears,  
Let *Pym* and *Burton* have their ears,  
We'll ask no more.

Reform each University,  
And in them let no Learning be,  
A great Eye-sore;  
From hence make *Rome's Arminians* flee,  
That none may have free-will but we,  
We'll ask no more.

Left the Elect should go astray,  
Let Coblers teach you the right way  
To Heavens door;  
And lest their Soles should wear away,  
Let them their Sisters underlay,  
We'll ask no more.

Next

Next from the Bishops Hierarchy,  
Oh, the word sounds but scurvily,  
Let's hear't no more;  
It ne'er was taught the Apostles by,  
Lay-Elders may the place supply,  
We'll ask no more.

Next, for the State, we think it fit  
That Mr. Pym should govern it,  
He's very poor:  
The Money that's for Ireland writ,  
Faith let them have the Devil a bit,  
We'll ask no more.

For ordering the Militia,  
Let us ordain a new way  
Ne'er heard before;  
Let the Great Council bear the sway,  
If you will give us leave you may,  
We'll ask no more.

In this we will not be deny'd,  
Because in you we'll not confide,  
We know wherefore;  
The Citizens their Plate provide,  
Do you but send in yours beside,  
We'll ask no more.

Next

Now



Now if that you'll make *Hull* your own,  
 There's one thing more we must set down,  
                                 Forgot before ;  
 Sir *John* shall then give up the Town,  
 If you will but resign your Crown,  
                                 We'll ask no more.



## IX.

*The Answer to the Petition, &c.*

**I** *Charles* the King will be so kind,  
 To give you leave to take your mind,  
                                 Of all my store ;  
 When I you Loyal Subjects find,  
 And you those Members have resign'd,  
                                 I ask'd before.

And when Religion's all your Cares,  
 Or *London* have such heed of theirs,  
                                 They had before :  
 When *Warwick* from *Geneva* dares,  
 New Printed, bring the Common-Prayers,  
                                 And read them o're.

When all your Consultations tend,  
 To pay what you have made Men lend,  
                                 None knows wherefore ;  
 When you no more shall say you'll send,  
 And bring me fairly to mine end,  
                                 You'll ask no more.

When

# LOYAL SONGS.

21.

When your *Smectymnius* Surplice wears,  
Or Tipper on his shoulders bears,  
Rags of the Whore ;  
When *Burton*, *Pym* and *Bastwick* dares,  
With your good leaves, but shew their Ears,  
They'll ask no more.

When what I borrowed I shall see,  
Y'have paid each University,  
Of th' City store:  
And Doctors, Chaplains, Fellows, be  
Free-willers of Plurality,  
They'll ask no more.

When the elect shall make such haste,  
By th' Brethren to be embrac'd  
In Tubs on floor;  
When Coblers they shall preach their last  
At Conventicles on a Fast,  
They'll ask no more.

When Bishops all the House adorns,  
And Round-heads for their absence mourns,  
A great Eye-sore ;  
When ev'ry Citizen less scorns  
Lord *Wentworth's* head, then *Essex* horns,  
You'll ask no more.

When

When

When you no more shall dare hereafter,  
A needless thing which gains much laughter,  
Granted before ;

When *Pym* is sent to *Ireland* slaughter,  
And ne'er more hopes to marry my Daughter,  
You'll ask no more,

When you have found a clearer way  
For ordering the Militia,

Then heard before ;

When *Atkins* on the training day,  
Sha'nt dare his Office to bewray,  
He'll ask no more.

When naught to me shall be deny'd,  
And you shall all in me confide,  
Good cause therefore ;

When *Denmark* shall for me provide,  
And now Lord *Digby's* on my side,  
Ask me no more.

Last, when I shall make *Hull* my own,  
'This one thing more I must set down,  
Forgot before ;

When I have got into the Town,  
I'll make ten more, besides that Clown,  
Kneel and implore.





## X.

*The Parliaments Pedigree.*

**N**O Pedigrees nor Projects  
 Of after-times I tell,  
 Nor what strange things the Parliament  
 In former times befel ;  
 Nor how an *Emperour* got a *King*,  
 Nor how a *King* a *Prince*,  
 But you shall hear what Progenies  
 Have been begotten since.

The *Devil* he a *Monster* got,  
 Which was both strong and stout,  
 This many-headed *Monster*  
 Did strait beget a *Rout* :  
 This *Rout* begot a *Parliament*,  
 As *Charles* he well remembers,  
 The *Parliament* got *Monsters* too,  
 The which begot *Five Members*.

The *Members Five* did then beger  
 Most of the *House of Peers*,  
 The *Peers* mis-understandings got  
 All *Jealousies* and *Fears* ;  
 The *Jealousies* got *Horse* and *Men*,  
 Left *Wars* should have abounded,  
 And I dare say this *Horse* got *Pym*,  
 And he begot a *Round-Head*.

The

The

The *Round-head* got a *Citizen*,  
 That great *Tax-bearing Mule*,  
 The *Mule* begot a *Parliament Ass*,  
 And he begot a *Fool* :  
 Some say the *Fool* got *Warwick*,  
 And *Rich* gave him his whole *Land*,  
 In *Zeal* Lord *Rich* got God knows who,  
 And God knows who got *Holland*

This *Holland* *Surplices* got down,  
 And those *Church Rites* that were,  
 He hath *Petitions* enough each day,  
 No need of the *Lord's Prayer* :  
 But it's no wonder that's cry'd down,  
 And that indeed the rather,  
 \*Cause *Pym* and he two *Bastards* are,  
 And dare not say, *Our Father*.

Now since this is the chiefest thing,  
 Hath got this great division,  
 Which *London* for to reconcile,  
 Hath got this great *Munition* :  
 The *City* hath now been refin'd,  
 From all her *Dross* and *Pelf*,  
 They're now about for to new mold,  
 And Coin the *Common-wealth*.

The



## XI.

*The French Report.*

**M**E have of late been in *England*,  
 Vere me have seen much sport,  
 De raising of de Parliament,  
 Have quite pull'd down de Court ;  
 De King and Queen dey separate,  
 And rule in Ignorance,  
 Pray judge ye Gentlemen, if dis  
*Be a la mode de France.*

A vise Man dere is like a Ship  
 Dat strikes upon de shelves,  
 Dey Prison all, Behead and Vip  
 All viser den demselves ;  
 Dey send out Men to fetch dey King,  
 Who may come home perchance,  
 Oh fey, fey, fey, it is be Gar  
*Not a la mode de France.*

Dey raise dey Valiant Prentices,  
 To guard dey Cause with Clubs,  
 Dey turn dey Bishops out of doors,  
 And Presb demselves in Tubs ;



De Cobler and de Tinker too,  
 Dey vill in time advance,  
 Pox take dem all, it is (*Mort Dieu*)  
*Not a la mode de France.*

Instead of bowing to deir King,  
 Dey vex him with Epistles,  
 Dey furnish all deyr Souldiers out  
 With Bodkins, Spoons and Whistles;  
 Dey bring deyr Gold and Silver in,  
 De Brownists to advance,  
 And if dey be cheat of it all,  
*'Tiz a la mode de France.*

But if when all deyr Wealth be gone,  
 Dey turn unto deyr King,  
 Dey vill make all amends again,  
 Den merrily ve vill sing,  
**VIVE LE ROY, VIVE LE ROY,**  
 Ve'll Sing, Carouse and Dance,  
 De English Men have done fort Bon,  
*And a la mode de France.*

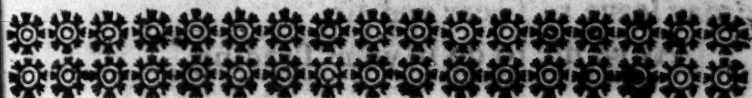




## XII.

*Complaint.*

W I S E Men suffer, good Men grieve;  
 Knaves devise, and Fools believe;  
 Help, O Lord, send aid unto us,  
 Else Knaves and Fools will quite undoe us.



## XIII.

*To the City of London.*

T E L L me Citts, what ye lack,  
 That the Knaves of the Pack  
 Ye do not see forth coming;  
 Love ye 'Freason so well,  
 That ye neither buy nor sell,  
 But keep a Noise with your Drumming!

What is't that you guard,  
 With your double Watch and Ward,  
 Your own Wares, or your wives Things,  
 If down come the Blades,  
 Then down go the Trades,  
 They'll not leave a dead, or a live thing,

What

28. A COLLECTION of

What doth your Profit say,  
When shall we see the day,  
That Money shall be paid in;  
Great *Strafford* he is dead,  
Ye have cut off his Head,  
And the Bishops all are laid in ?

And yet you grow Poor,  
As any Common Whore,  
That hath been long a fading ;  
There's no Man will buy,  
Ye may leave to swear and lie,  
As ye use to do in your Trading.

There's something behind  
That lies in the Wind  
And brings you thus to nothing,  
What doth then remain?  
O the Parliament must reign,  
And you'll have *A King and no King.*

But though their Power can  
From a Woman turn a Man,  
If they please so to declare him ;  
Yet let them take heed,  
The King is King indeed,  
And the Souldiers cannot spare him.



Is't nothing ye think  
Twenty four in a *Link*  
Kings that make his Succession :  
Besides for our Good  
Three Princes of the *Brood*,  
And three Kingdoms in Possession.

And all his Verrues too  
Should be something to you,  
If they could ought amend you ;  
But 'cause He's Chast and Just,  
You'd have Cruelty and Lust ;  
Another *King Harry* God fend you.

But if you mean to thrive,  
And keep your Trades alive,  
And bring to your City *Treasure* ;  
Give the King his full Rate,  
As well as to the State,  
And let Him have *London Measure*.





## XIV.

*The Character of a Roundhead. 1641.*

**W**HAT Creature's this with his short Hairs,  
 His little Band and huge long Ears,  
 That this new Faith hath founded?  
 The Puritans were never such,  
 The Saints themselves, had ne'er so much,  
 Oh, such a Knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,  
 And count their Calling reprobate,  
 'Cause by the Pope propounded;  
 And say a zealous Cobler's better,  
 Than he that studieth every Letter,  
 Oh, such a Knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth high Treason say,  
 As often as his yea and nay,  
 And with the King confounded;  
 And dare maintain that Master Pym,  
 Is fitter for the Crown than him,  
 Oh, such a Rogue's a Roundhead.

What's

What's he that if he chance to hear,  
A piece of *London's* Common-Prayer,  
Doth think his Conscience wounded;  
And goes five Miles to preach and pray,  
And lies with's Sister by the way,  
Oh, such a Rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy Sister,  
And in an Hay-cock gently kiss'd her,  
Oh! then his Zeal abounded;  
Close underneath a shady Willow,  
Her Bible serv'd her for her pillow,  
And there they got a Roundhead:



XV.

*A Curtain Lecture.*

The Tune of, *Cannot keep her Lips together.*

**W**ILL you please to hear a Song,  
Though it want both Rhime and Reason,  
It was penn'd to do no wrong,  
But for description at this Season,  
Of he or she what'ere they be,  
That with Church-orders quite confounded,  
Yet makes a shew, where e're they go,  
Of Fervent Zeal: I mean a Roundhead.



32 A COLLECTION of

First he'll have a smoothing Tongue,  
 Next he'll learn for to dissemble;  
 And when he hears of wilful wrong,  
 He'll Sigh and Look as he would tremble;  
 The next of all, then let him fall,  
 To praise Mens Hearts in secret bravery,  
 A speaking still against all ill,  
 That is the Cloak to hide their Knavery.

Let Charity be used much,  
 In Words at length and not in action;  
 It is the common use of such,  
 Not to do, but give direction;  
 They'll be loth to swear an Oath,  
 By yea and nay, you may believe them,  
 But for their Gains, they will take pains,  
 To cheat and lie, and never grieve them.

The Common-Prayer they like it not,  
 For they are wise and can make better,  
 And such a Teacher they have got,  
 Confutes it all in Word and Letter;  
 For he can rail Mens Hearts to quail,  
 With deep damnation for their sinning,  
 But to amend they ne'er intend,  
 And to transgress they're now beginning.

But here is a very worthy Man,  
 That undertakes more than he is able,  
 That in a Tub sometimes will stand,  
 In Hay-barn, Sheep-House, or a Stable;  
 And

And all the Rout that comes about,  
To hear his Doctrines, *Saints* he calls them,  
They vow and swear, they ne'er did hear  
Such worthy Things as he hath told them.

They will not hear of Wedding Rings  
For to be used in their Marriage,  
But say they 're Superstitious Things,  
And doth Religion much disparage;  
They are but vain, and Things prophane,  
Wherefore now no Wit bespeaks them,  
So to be ty'd unto the Bride,  
But do it as the *Spirit* moves them.

No *Pater-Noster*, nor no Creed,  
In their Petitions never mention,  
And hold there's nothing good indeed  
But what is done by their Pretension;  
Prayers that are old in vain they hold,  
And can with God no favour merit,  
Therefore they, will nothing say,  
But as they are moved by the Spirit.

The wisest Schools they count but Fools,  
Which do no more than they have taught them  
For *Brownists*, they can preach and pray,  
With Wits their Fathers never bought them:  
Then I perceive that Wit they have  
They gather it by Inspiration,  
No Books they need to learn to read,  
If all be true of their Relation.

Only the Horn-book I would have  
Them practice at their beginning,  
That you the better may perceive  
The Fruits that comes by fleshly Sinning:  
Nevertheless I would express  
All other Books that now are used,  
Least that the Ghost that leads you most  
By too much Art to be abused.

Their Hair close to their Heads they crop,  
And yet not only for the Fashion,  
But that the Ear it should not stop,  
From hearing of some rare Relation;  
Therefore his Ears he will prepare,  
To hearken to an Holy Brother,  
That in regard he may be heard  
From one side of the Barn to th' other.

They count their Fathers were but Fools,  
Which formerly became such Debtors,  
To spend their Means upon the Schools,  
To teach their Sons a few fond Letters;  
The Christ-Cross-row's enough to know,  
For 'tis the Horn that must exalt 'em,  
Their Gen'ral Vows, his antler'd Brows  
Shall gore the Proudest dare assault 'em:

At the last when they must part,  
Male and Female go together,  
Join'd in hand, and join'd in heart,  
And join'd a little for their pleasure:



First for a Kifs they will agree,  
 And what comes next you may conjecture ;  
 So that the Wicked do not see,  
 And so breaks up the *Roundheads* Lecture.



## XVI

*A mad World my Masters.*

WE have a King, and yet no King,  
 For he hath lost his Power;  
 For 'gainst his Will his Subjects are  
 Imprison'd in the *Tower*.

We had some Laws (but now no Laws)  
 By which he held his Crown ;  
 And we had Estates and Liberties  
 But now they're voted down.

We had Religion, but of late  
 That's beaten down with Clubs ;  
 Whilst that Prophaness authoriz'd  
 Is belched forth in Tubs.

We were free Subjects born, but now  
 We are by force made Slaves,  
 By some whom we did count our Friends,  
 But in the end prov'd Knaves.

And now to such a grievous height  
Are our Misfortunes grown,  
That our Estates are took a way  
By tricks before ne'er known :

For there are Agents sent abroad  
Most humbly for to crave  
Our Alms; but if they are deny'd,  
And of us nothing have ;

Then by a Vote *ex tempore*  
We are to Prison sent,  
Mark'd with the Name of *Enemy*  
To King and Parliament:

And during our Imprisonment,  
Their lawless Bulls do thunder,  
A Licence to their Souldiers,  
Our Houses for to plunder :

And if their Hounds do chance to smell  
A Man whose Fortunes are  
Of some Account, whose Purse is full,  
Which now is somewhat rare ;

A *Monster* now *Delinquent* term'd,  
He is declar'd to be,  
And that his Lands as well as Goods  
Sequestred ought to be.

And

And as if our Prisons were too good,  
He is to *Yarmouth* sent,  
By vertue of a Warrant from  
The *King* and *Parliament*.

Thus in our Royal Sovereign's Name  
And eke his Power infus'd,  
And by the vertue of the same  
He and all His abus'd,

For by this Means his Castles now  
Are in the power of those,  
Who treacherously with Might and Main  
Do strive him to depose.

Arise therefore brave *British* Men,  
Fight for your King and State,  
Against those trayterous Men that strive  
This Realm to Ruinate.

'Tis *Pym*, 'tis *Pym*, and his Colleagues,  
That did our Woe engender,  
Nought but their Lives can end our Woes,  
And us in safety render.







## XVII.

*The Parliaments Hymns.*

**O** Lord preserve the Parliament,  
 And send them long to reign,  
 From three Years end, to three Years end,  
 And so to three again.

Let neither King nor Bishops, Lord,  
 Whilst they shall be alive,  
 Have power to rebuke thy Saints,  
 Nor hurt the Members five.

For they be good and godly Men,  
 No sinful Path they tread;  
 They now are putting Bishops down,  
 And setting up Roundhead.

From *Holdsforth*, *Bromrigge*, and old *Skute*,  
 Those able learned Scholars,  
 Good Lord deliver us with speed,  
 And all our zealous Followers.

From *Fielding* and from *Vanasour*,  
 Both ill-affected Men;  
 From *Lunsford* eke deliver us,  
 That eateth up Children.

Thy

Thy holy *Burton, Bastwick, Pym,*  
 Lord keep them in thy Bosom ;  
 Eke him that hath kept out the King,  
 Worshipful Sir *John Hotham.*

Put down the King and *Hartford, Lord,*  
 And keep them down for aye ;  
 Thy chosen *Pym* set up on high,  
 And eke the good Lord *Say.*

For *Warwick* we beseech thee Lord,  
 Bethou his strong defence,  
*Holland, Brooks,* and S — shield,  
 And eke his Excellence.

For B — and K — to  
 That are both wise and stout,  
 Who have rebuk'd the King of late,  
 And his ungodly Rout.

Once more we pray for Parliament,  
 That they may sit secure,  
 And may their Consultations,  
 From Age to Age endure.

Let all the Godly say *Amen,*  
 And let them Praises sing  
 To God, and to the Parliament,  
 And all that hate the King.



## XVIII.

*The Roundheads Race.*

**I** Will not say for the World's store,  
 The World's now drunk, (for did I)  
 The Faction which now reigns would roar,  
 But I will swear 'tis giddy.

And all are prone to this same Fit,  
 That it their Object make,  
 For every thing runs round in it,  
 And no Forme else will take.

To the Round-Nose peculiar is  
 The Ruby and the Rose;  
 The Round-lip gets away the Kifs,  
 And that by Favour goes.

The Round-beard for Talk of State,  
 Carry it at the Club;  
 The Round-Robin by a like fate  
 Is Victor in the Tubb.

*Hanworth's* Round-block speak policy,  
 The Round-hose Riches draw;  
 The Round-heads for the Gospel be  
 The Round Copes for the Law.



Tom his Round Garb so rules all o're,  
 The pox take him for me,  
 That e're looks for square dealing more,  
 And hears an health to thee.



## XIX.

Pym's *Anarchy*.

ASK me no more, why there appears  
 Daily such troops of Dragooners?  
 Since it is requisite, you know,  
 They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why th' Goal confines  
 Our Hierarchy of best Divines?  
 Since some in Parliament agree  
 'Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

Ask me no more, why from *Blackwall*  
 Great Tumults come into *Whitehall*?  
 Since it's allow'd, by free consent,  
 The Privilege of Parliament.

Ask me not, why to *London* comes  
 So many Musquets, Pikes and Drums?  
 Although you fear they'll never cease;  
 'Tis to protect the Kingdom's Peace.

Ask

Ask me no more, why little *Finch*  
From Parliament began to winch?  
Since such as dare to hawk at Kings  
Can easie clip a *Finches* wings.

Ask me no more, why *Strafford's* dead,  
And why they aim'd so at his Head?  
Faith, all the reason I can give,  
'Tis thought he was too wise to live.

Ask me no more, where's all the Plate,  
Brought in at such an easie rate?  
They will it back to th' Owners bring  
In case it fall not to the King.

Ask me not why the House delights  
Not in our two wise *Kentish* Knights?  
Their Counsell never was thought good,  
Because it was not understood.

Ask me no more, why *Lesley* goes  
To seize all rich Men as his Foes?  
Whilst Country Farmers sigh and sob,  
Yeomen may beg when Kings do rob.

Ask me no more, by what strange sight  
*London's* Lord Mayor was made a Knight?  
Since there's a strength, not very far,  
Hath as much power to make as mar.

Ask me no more, why in this Age  
 I sing so sharp without a Cage?  
 My answer is, I need not fear  
 Since *England* doth the burden bear.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,  
 Why *Hotham* kept the Town of *Hull*?  
 This answer I in brief do sing,  
 All things were thus when *Pym* was King.



## XX.

*The Caution.*

## A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Oh Women, Monstrous Women.*

**Y**OU Sep'ratists that Sequester  
 Your selves from Laws are good,  
 Your Courses so irregular  
 Shall now be understood:  
 Your fond Expounding corrupts the Bible,  
 Yet you'll maintain it with your Quibble;  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
 What do you mean to do?

He



He that does swear, though to a Truth,  
 You count him far worse than a Lyar,  
 Yet you will firk your Sister *Ruth*,  
 So it may edifie her;  
 You, like the Devil, abhor a Cross, (horse;  
 But I'll have as good Reason from Pym's Stone.  
*Ob Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do?*

Our Churches Hierarchy you hold  
 Within a foul Suspicion;  
 And say the Prelates Sleeves are old  
 Reliques of Superstition;  
 The very Rags of *Rome* they are  
 Such as the Whores of *Babylon* wear;  
*Ob Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do?*

Therefore in Zeal and Piety,  
 You'll dye their Lawn in Blood,  
 And root out their Society,  
 A work you think is good;  
 The Malice is, some of your Ears  
 Were cropt far shorter than your hairs;  
*Ob Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do?*

When

When you the Mitre have pull'd down,  
 You'll be hang'd before contented,  
 Your next Pluck must be at the Crown,  
 A Plot long since invented :  
 But Grigge swears Tyburn shall have her due,  
 He'll be hang'd himself, if he hang not you ;  
*Ob Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

The Coblers were astonish'd,  
 The Porters eke, also ;  
 To hear the Noise that ecchoed  
 From your vast *Tubb* below :  
 But let him be hang'd will never mend,  
 The Cobler thinks upon his End ;  
*But you to whom my Lines do tend,*  
*Have a care of what you do.*



XXI.

*Lilly contemn'd.*

A S O N G.

**W**HY art thou sad ? our Glasses flow  
 Like little Rivers to the Main ;  
 And ne're a Man here has a Shrew,  
 What need'st thou then complain ?  
 Then Boys mind your Glas,  
 And let all News pass

That

That treats not of this our Canary;  
 Let Lawyers fear their Fate,  
 In the turn of the State,  
 We suffer if this do miscarry, (Fictions,  
 Chor. 'Tis this will preserve us 'gainst Lillies predi-  
 And make us condemn our Fate and his Fictions.

'Tis this that sets the City Ruff;  
 And lynes the Aldermen with Fur;  
 It makes the Watchmen stiff and tuff  
 To call, *where go you, Sir?*  
 'Tis this doth advance  
 The Cap of Maintenance,  
 And keeps the Sword sleeping or waking;  
 It Courage doth raise  
 In such Men now a-days,  
 That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching,  
 Chor. 'Tis this doth infuse in a Miser some pity,  
 And is the Genius, and Soul of the City.

Then why should we despair, or think  
 The Enemy approacheth near?  
 Let such as never us'd to drink  
 Sack, be enslav'd to Fear;  
 Then to get Honour,  
 And that waits on her,

Strange



Strange Titles, *Illustrious* and *Mighty*.  
 We'll have a smart Bout  
 Shall speak us Men and stout,  
 And I'll be the first that shall fight ye.  
 Chor. *He that stily can stand to't, and bath the best*  
 (Brain;  
*Shall be stil'd Son of Mars, and God of the Main.*



XXII.

*Upon bringing in the Plate.*

**A**LL you that would no longer  
 To a *Monarch* be subjected,  
 Come away to *Guildhall*, and be there liberal,  
 Your Wish shall be there effected.  
 Come, come away, bring your Gold, bring your Jewels,  
 Your silver Shap'd, or Molten,  
 If the King you'll have down, and advance to the Crown  
 Five Members and *Kimbolton*

Regard no Proclamations,  
 They're Subjects fit to Jest on,  
 Henry *Elſing*'s far better then C. R.  
 Resolv'd upon the Question.  
 Come, come away, &c.

You

You *Aldermen* first send in  
Your *Chains* upon these *Summons*,  
To buy *Ropes ends*, for all the *King's Friends*,  
They 're *Traytors* to the *Commons*.  
Come, come away, &c.

Your *Basons* large, and *Ewers*,  
Unto this use allot them,  
If 'ere you mean your hands to clean  
From th' *Sins* by which you got them.  
Come, come away, &c.

Bring in your *Cans* and *Goblets*,  
You *Citizens* confiding,  
And think it no scorn, to drink in a *Horn*  
Of your own *Wives* providing.  
Come, come away, &c.

Ye *Brethren* strong and lusty,  
The *Sisters* *Exercise* ye;  
Get *Babes* of *Grace*, and *Spoons* apace,  
Both *Houses* do advise ye.  
Come, come away, &c.

Let the *Religious Sempstresses*  
Her silver *Thimble* bring here,  
'Twill be a fine thing in deposing a *King*,  
To say you had a *Finger*.  
Come, come away, &c.

Your

Your Child's redeemed *Whistle*  
 May here obtain Admittance,  
 Nor shall that Cost, be utterly lost,  
 They'll give you an Acquittance.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

The Gold and Silver *Bodkin*,  
 The Parliament wou'd ha' both,  
 Which oft doth make, the House to take  
 A Journey on the Sabbath.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

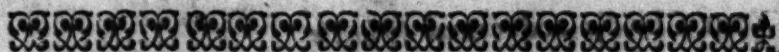
You that have store of Money  
 Bring't hither, and be thrifty,  
 If th' *Parliament* thrive, they'll so contrive  
 You shall have back *Four for Fifty*.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

If when the Counsell's ended,  
 Your Plate you will recover;  
 Be sure you may the chief Head that day  
 On the *Bridge* or *Tower* discover.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

D

The





## XXIII.

*The Sense of the House, or the Reason  
why those Members who are the Rem-  
nant of the two Families of Parliament  
cannot consent to Peace, or an Accom-  
modation.*

To the Tune of, *The New-England Psalm, Huggle  
Duggle, ho, ho, ho, the Devil he laugh'd aloud.*

**C**ome, come, beloved *Londoners*, fy, fy, you  
shame us all,

Your rising up for Peace, will make the close Com-  
mittee fall;

I wonder you dare ask for that, which they must  
needs deny,

There's Thirty swears they'll have no Peace, and  
bid me tell you why.

First I'll've no Peace, quoth *Essex*, my Chaplain  
says 'tis Sin

To loose 100*l.* a day, just when my Wife lies  
Inn;

They cry God bless your Excellence, but if I loose  
my Place,

They'll call me Rebel, popular Ass, and Cuckold  
to my Face.

You

You Citizen Fools, quoth *Warwick*, d' ye talk to  
me of Peace,  
Who not only stole his Majesty's Ships, but robb'd  
him of his Seas?  
No, no, I'll keep the Water still, and have my  
Ships well mann'd,  
For I have lost and stole so much, I know not  
where to land.

Do Brother, do, says *Holland*, for Peace breeds  
us no quiet,  
Besides my Places to have lost, with sixteen Dishes  
diet,  
I play'd the *Judas* with the King, which makes  
the World derest me,  
Nay, should his Majesty pardon me, five hundred  
would arrest me.

*Kimbolton* said, these *Londoners* deserve to loose  
their Ears,  
For now they'll all obey the King, like Citizen  
Cavaliers;  
Let's vote this Peace a desperate Plot, and send  
them a denial,  
For if they save the Kingdom, they'll give us a  
legal Tryal.

The *Welsh-men* rage, quoth *S---*, and call me  
villainous Goat,  
For plundering *Hereford's* Aldermens Gowns, to  
make my *Bess* a Coat,

'Tis true the Town did feed me well, for which I  
took good Fleeces,  
But if Peace come they'll tear me and all my  
Whores in pieces.

Fight, fight, quoth *Say*, now now hold up these  
Jealousies and Fears,  
The work will shew I laid the Plot above these  
seventeen Years ;

'Tis I that am your Engineer, but if for Peace  
you vote,

Oh, then they'll make me go to Church, or else  
they'll cut my Throat.

My Father *Goodwin*, quoth *W——*, calls me a  
silly Lad,

And wonders they'll ask Peace of me who have  
been lately mad ;

You chuse me *Irish* General, and I chuse to stay  
here,

For should we fight among the Bogs, there's ne-  
ver a Saw-pit near.

Those Heathen 'Prentices, quoth *Brooks*, that made  
my Coachman stay,

Bid me be bare, although I spoke but thirteen Bulls  
that day ;

But if Peace lop off my learned Skull, then all my  
House you'll see

The Sword of *Guy*, the Dun-cows rib, the Asses-  
tooth, and me,

I made



I made a *Speech*, quoth *R——*, when his Excel-  
lence first began,

For which he swore by a *Pottle of Sack* to make  
me a Gentleman :

But if the King get to *Whitehall*, then all my hopes  
are past,

My Father was first Lord of the House, and I  
shall be the last.

Keep Silence, quoth Mr. *Speaker*, but do not hold  
your peace,

Let's sit, and vote, and hold them to't, for I'll  
do what you please ;

I have had but poor 6000 *l.* besides some Spoons  
and Bowls,

Nay, grant a Peace, and how shall I be Master of  
the Rolls ?

Then spake five Members all at once ; who for an  
Army cry'd,

Last Year, quoth they, you rescu'd us, else we had  
all been try'd :

What though you be almost undone, you must  
contribute still,

Or we'll convey our Trunks away, and then do  
what you will.

My Venom swells, quoth *H——*, that his Majesty  
full well knows,

And I, quoth *Hampden*, fetch'd the *Scots*, from  
whence this Mischief flows.

I am an *Ass*, quoth *Hastlerigg*, but yet I'm deep  
i'th' Plot,

And I, quoth *Stroud*, can lie as fast, as Master  
*Pym* can trot.

But I, quoth *Pym*, your Hackney am, and all your  
drudgery do,

Have made good Speeches for my self, and Pri-  
vileges for you:

I can sit down and look on Men, whilst others  
bleed and fight,

I eat their Lordships Meat by day, and giv't their  
Wives by night.

Then *Vane* grew black i'th' Face, and swore, there's  
none so deep as I,

The Staff and Signet slipt my hand, my Son can  
tell you why;

The name of Peace, they say 'tis sweet; but oh! it  
makes me shrink,

*Strafford's* Ghost doth haunt me so, I cannot sleep  
a wink.

Were *Strafford* living, *Mildmay* said, he would do  
me no ill,

I hid my self i'th' Privy, when the House did pass  
his Bill:

But all my Gold and Silver thread, *Gregory* calls  
his own,

Though in a Ship I made my Will, I was not born  
to drown.

You

You found me, quoth Sir R — P —, I had been  
long a Knave ;  
You promis'd I should be so still, if you my Vote  
might have ;  
And I, quoth *Laurence Whittaker*, agreed to do so  
too,  
But if you serve old Courtiers thus, they'll do as  
much for you.

This Peace, quoth *Michael Oldsworth*, will bring  
me never a Fee,  
Although my Lord have sworn for Peace, and  
will not follow me.  
Down, down with Bishops, *Wheeler* said, for I have  
robb'd the Church,  
Oh base, will you conclude a Peace, and leave me  
in the lurch ?

Who speaks of Peace, quoth *Ludlow*, hath neither  
Sense nor Reason,  
For I ne're spoke i'th' House but once, and then  
I spoke High-Treason ;  
Your meaning was as bad as mine, you must de-  
fend my Speech,  
Or else you make my Mouth as foul, as was my  
Father's breech.

I'll plunder him, quoth *Baynton*, that mentions  
Peace to Me,  
The Bishop would not grant my Lease, but now  
I'll have his Fee.



A Gunpowder Monopoly quoth *Evelyn* rais'd my  
 Father,  
 But if you let this War go down, they'll call me  
*Powder Traytor.*

Oh *Jove*, quoth Sir *John Hotbham*, is this a time to  
 treat?

When *Newcastle* and *Cumberland* me to the Walls  
 have beat?

You base-obedient Citizens, d'ye think to save  
 your Lives?

My Son and I will serve you all, as I have serv'd  
 five Wives.

Indeed, quoth Sir *Hugh Cholmley*, Sir *John* you  
 speak most true,

For I have sold, and mortgaged, most of my Land  
 to you;

My Brother would have serv'd the King, but was  
 forbid to stay;

The King fore-saw at *Keynton-field*, Sir *Harry*  
 would run away.

I went down, quoth Sir *Ralph Stapleton*, with Mus-  
 quet, Pike and Drum,

To fetch Sir *Francis Wortley* up, but truly he'd  
 not come.

Oh Lord, Sir *Robert Harlow* said, how do our Foes  
 increase?

I wonder who the Devil it was that first invented  
 Peace?

*Treason,*

*Treason, Treason, Treason, Sir Walter Earle* cries  
out,

Worse than blowing up the *Thames*, the *Dagger*,  
or the *Clour* ;

Hang me, quoth *Miles Corbet* then, for we are all  
confounded,

And *Cavaliers* will Cuckold me, as well as did the  
*Roundhead*.

Quoth *Sir John Wray*, *Mr. Speaker* ; I'll end this  
matter strait,

For this which is my Ninth Speech, I'm sure is  
none of my Eight ;

I try'd it at my Tables end, my Neighbours know  
'tis right,

But Peace will make me speak less wit, and then  
farewel your *Knight*.

A Vengeance, quoth *Harry Martin* then, I'll ha' no  
Accommodation,

For it was I, that bravely tore his Majesty's Pro-  
clamation ;

I th' House I spoke High Treason, I have sold both  
Land and Lease ;

I shall not then keep but three Whores, A pox  
upon your Peace.

You see beloved Londoners, your Peace is out of sea-  
son,

For which you have the sense of the House, and every  
Members reason :

Oh do not stand for Peace then, for trust me if you  
do,  
Each County in the Kingdom, will rise, and do so  
too.



## XXIV.

*The Scotch War.*

WHEN first the *Scottish* War began,  
The *English* Man we did trapan, with  
Pellet and Pike ;

The bonny Blyth and cunning Scot  
Had then a Plot, which they did not, well smell  
it's like ;

Although he could neither write, nor read,  
Yet our General *Lashly* cross'd the *Tweed*  
With his gay Gangh of Blew-caps all,  
And we march'd with our General ;

We took *New-Castle* in a trice,  
And thought it had been *Paradice*,  
They did look all so bonny and gay,  
Till we took all their Pillage away.

Then did we strait to plundering fall  
Of great and small, for we were all most Valiant  
that Day ;

And *Fenny* in her Satten Gown the best in Town,  
From Heel to Crown was gallant and gay ;

Our



Our Silks and Sweets made such a smother,  
 Next Day we knew not one another :  
 For *Jockey* did never so shine ;  
 And *Fenny* was never so fine ;  
 A good faith a gat a good Beaver then,  
 But it's beat into a Blew-cap agen  
 By a Redcoat, that did still cry, Rag,  
 And a red snowt, a the Deel aw the Crag.

The *English* raised an Army strait,  
 With mickle State, and we did wate to face them  
 as well ;

Then every valiant Musquet Men put fire in pan,  
 And we began to lace them as well ;  
 But before the Sparks were made a Cole,  
 They did every Man pay for his Pole ;  
 Then their bought Land we lent them again,  
 Into *Scotland* we went with our Men ;  
 We were paid by all, both Peasant and Prince  
 But I think we have soundly paid for it since ;  
 For our Silver is wasted, Sir, all,  
 And our Silks hang in *Westminster* Hall.

The Godly Presbyterian, that holy Man,  
 The War began with Bishop and King ;  
 Where we like Waiters at a Feast  
 But not the least of all the guest, must dish up the  
 thing,

We did take a Covenant to pull down  
 The Cross, the Crosier, and the Crown,

With the Rochet the Bishop did bear,  
 And the Smock that his Chaplain did wear :  
 But now the Covenant's gone to wrack,  
 They say, it looks like an old Almanack,  
 For *Jockey* is grown out of date,  
 And *Fenny* is thrown out of late.

I must confess the holy firke did only work  
 Upon our Kirk for Silver and Meat,  
 Which made us come with aw our broods,  
 Venter our Bloods for aw your goods, to pilfer  
 and to cheat;

But we see what Covetousness doth bring,  
 For we lost our selves when we sold our King ;  
 And alack now and welly we cry,  
 Our backs now and bellies must die ;  
 We sought for Food, and not vain-glory,  
 And so there's an end of a *Scottish* Man's Story ;  
 I curse all your Silver and Gold,  
 Aw the worst Tale that ever was told.



## XXV.

*The Power of Money.*

**T**IS not the Silver nor Gold for it self  
 That makes Men adore it, but 'tis for its  
 power :

For no Man does dote upon pelf, because pelf,  
 But all Court the Lady in hopes of her dower :

The

The wonders that now in our Days we behold,  
Done by the irresistible power of Gold,  
Our Zeal, and our Love, and Allegiance do hold :

This purchaseth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, and  
Crowns ;

Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors  
bold ;

Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Cities, and  
Towns,

And our prime Laws are written in Letters of  
Gold :

'Tis this that our Parliament calls and creates,  
Turns Kings into Keepers, and Kingdoms to  
States,

And Peopledoms these into Highdoms trans-  
lates.

This made our black Synod to sit still so long,

To make themselves rich, by making us poor ;

This made our bold Army so daring and strong,

And made them turn them, like Geese, out of  
door ;

'Twas this made our Covenant-maker to make it,  
And this made our Priests for to make us to take  
it,

And this made both Makers and Takers forsake  
it.

'Twas



## 62 A COLLECTION of

'Twas this spawn'd the dunghil Crew of Com-  
mittees and 'strators,

Who live by picking the Crocodile Parlia-  
ments gums ;

This first made, and then prospered the Rebels  
and Traytors,

And made Gentry of those that were the Nati-  
ons scums :

This Herald gives Arms, not for Merit, but Store,  
And gives Coats to those that did sell Coats  
before ;

If their Pockets be but lin'd well with Argent and  
Ore.

This, Plots can devise, and discover what they  
are ;

This, makes the great Felons the lesser con-  
demn ;

This, sets those on the Bench, that should stand at  
the Bar,

Who Judge such, as by right, ought to execute  
them :

Gives the boisterous Clown his unsufferable Pride,  
Makes Beggars, and Fools, and Usurpers to ride,  
Whilst ruin'd Propriators run by their side.

Stamp either the Arms of the State or the King,

St. George, or the Breeches, C. R. or O. P.

The Cross, or the Fiddle, 'tis all the same thing ;

This, still is the Queen, whosoe'er the King be ;

This

This, lines our Religion, builds Doctrine and  
Truth,

With Zeal and the Spirit the factious endueth,  
To club with St. Katharine, or sweet Sister Ruth.

'Tis Money makes Lawyers give Judgement, or  
plead

On this side, or that side, on both sides, or  
neither ;

This makes young Men Clerks that can scarce  
write or read,

And spawns arbitrary Orders as various as the  
weather ;

This makes your blew Lecturers Pray, Preach  
and Prate

Without Reason or Sense against Church, King,  
or State,

To shew the thin Lining of his twice-covered Pate

'Tis Money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and  
Esquires.

Without Breeding, Descent, Wit, Learning, or  
Merit ;

This makes Ropers, and Ale-drappers, Sheriffs of  
Shires,

Whose trade is not so low, nor so base as their  
Spirit :

This Justices makes, and wise ones we know,  
Furr'd Aldermen too, and Mayors also ;

This makes the old Wife trot, and makes the  
Mare to go.

This

This makes your blew Aprons Right Worshipful;  
And for this we stand bare, and before them  
do fall;  
They leave their young Heirs well fleeced with  
Wooll,  
Whom we must call 'Squires, and then they pay  
all:  
Who with beggarly Souls, though their Bodies  
be gawdy,  
Court the pale Chamber-maid, and Nick-name  
her a Lady,  
And for want of good Wit, they do swear and  
talk bawdy.

This Marriages makes, 'tis a Center of Love,  
It draws on the Man, and it pricks up the  
Woman,  
Birth, Virtue, and Parts no Affection can move,  
Whilst this makes a Lord sloop to the Brat of a  
Broom-man:  
This gives Virtue and Beauty to the Lasses that  
you wooe.  
Makes Women of all sorts and Ages to do;  
'Tis the Soul of the World, and the worlding  
too.

This procures us Whores, Hawks, Hounds and  
Hares;  
'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groom  
keeps your Gelding;  
This built Citizens Wives, as well as wares;  
And this makes your coy Lady so coming and  
yielding;

This



This buys us good Sack, which revives like the  
Spring,

'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring ;

And this makes you as merry as we that do Sing.



## XXVI.

*Contentment.*

**W**HAT though the ill Times do run Cross to  
our Will,

And Fortune still Frown upon us :

Our Hearts are our own, and shall be so still,

A Fig for the Plagues they lay on us ;

Let us take t'other Cup, to chear our Hearts up,

And let it be purest Canary,

We'll ne'er shrink nor care, at the Crosses we bear,

Let them plague us until they be weary.

What though we are made both Beggars and  
Slaves ?

Let's endure it, and stoutly drink on't :

'Tis our comfort we suffer 'cause we wont be  
Knaves,

Redemption will come e're we think on't ;

We must flatter and fear, those that over us are,

And make them believe that we love them,

When their Tyranny's past, we can serve them at  
last

As they have serv'd those who are above them.

Let

66 A COLLECTION of

Let the Levites go preach for the Goose or the Pig,

To drink Wine at *Christmas* or *Easter*:

The Doctor may labour our Lives to new trig,

And make Nature fast while we feast her :

The Lawyer may bawl, out his Lungs and his Gall

For Plaintiff, and for Defendant,

At his Book the Scholar lie, while with *Plato* he die,

With an ugly hard Word at the end on't.

Then here's to the Man that delights in *sol fa*,

For Sack is his only Rozin ;

A load of hey ho, is not worth a ha ha,

He's a Man for my Money that draws in :

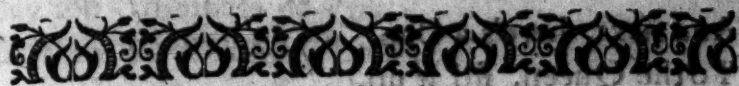
Than a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,

'Tis better be Blithe and Frolick,

Than sigh out our Breath, and invite our own Death,

By the Gout, or the Stone, or the Cholick.





## XXVII.

*On the Goldsmiths Committee.*

COME Drawer, some Wine,  
 Or we'll pull down the Sign,  
 For we are all jovial Compounders:  
 We'll make the House ring,  
 With Healths to our KING,  
 And Confusion light on his Confounders.

Since Goldsmith's Committee  
 Affords us no pity,  
 Our sorrows in Wine we will steep 'um;  
 They force us to take  
 Two Oaths but we'll make  
 A third, that we ne'er meant to keep 'um.

And next, who e're sees,  
 We Drink on our knees  
 To the King, may he thirst that repines;  
 A Fig for those Traytors,  
 That look to our Waters,  
 They have nothing to do with our Wines.

And



And next, here's a Cup,  
To the Queen, fill it up,  
Were it Poison we would make an end on't :  
May *Charles* and she meet,  
And tread under Feer  
Both *Presbyter* and *Independent*,

To the Prince, and all others,  
His Sisters and Brothers,  
As low in Condition as high-born,  
We'll Drink this, and Pray  
That shortly they may  
See all them that wrongs them at *Tyburn*.

And next, here's three bowls  
To all gallant Souls,  
That for the King did, and will Venter ;  
May they flourish when those  
That are his, and their Foes,  
Are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

And next, let a Glass  
To our undoers pass,  
Attended with two or three Curses ;  
May Plagues sent from Hell  
Stuff their Bodies as well  
As the Cavaliers Coin doth their Purfes.

May the Cannibals of *Pym*  
 Eat them up Limb by Limb,  
 Or a hot Feaver scorch 'em to embers ;  
 Pox keep 'em in Bed,  
 Until they are dead,  
 And repent for the loss of their Members.

And may they be found  
 In all to abound,  
 Both with Heaven and the Country's Anger,  
 May they never want Fractions  
 Doubts, Fears, and Distractions,  
 Till the Gallow-tree choaks them from danger.



XXVIII.

*The mad Zealot.*

**A**M I mad, O noble *Festus*,  
 When Zeal and godly Knowledge  
 Have put me in hope  
 To deal with the Pope,  
 As well as the best in the College ?  
 Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,  
 Miters, Copes, and Rockets :  
 Come hear me pray nine times a Day,  
 And fill your Heads with Crochets.

In

In the House of pure *Emanuel*

I had my Education,

Where my Friends surmise

I dazell'd mine Eyes

With the light of Revelation.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

They bound me like a Bedlam,

They lash'd my four poor Quarters ;

Whilst thus I endure,

Faith makes me sure

To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

These Injuries I suffer

Through Antichrist's Persuasions ;

Take off this Chain,

Neither *Rome* nor *Spain*

Can resist my strong Invasions.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

Of the Beasts ten horns (God bless us !)

I have knock'd off three already ;

If they let them alone,

I'll leave him none ;

But they say I am too heady :

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

When



When I sack'd the seven-hill'd City,  
I met the great red Dragon;  
I kept him aloof  
With the Armour of proof,  
Though here I have never a rag on.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

With a fiery Sword and Target  
There fought I with this Monster;  
But the Sons of Pride  
My Zeal deride,  
And all my Deeds misconster.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I unhors'd the Whore of Babel  
With the Lance of Inspiration;  
I made her Stink,  
And spill her Drink  
In the cup of Abomination:

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I have seen two in a Vision,  
With a flying Book between them:  
I have been in Despair  
Five times a Year,  
And cur'd by reading Greenham:

*Boldly I preach, &c.*



I ob-

then

I observ'd in Perkin's Tables  
 The black Lines of Damnation ;  
 Those crooked Veins  
 So stuck in my Brains,  
 That I fear'd my Reprobation :  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

In the holy Tongue of *Canaan*  
 I plac'd my chiefeft Pleasure,  
 Till I prickt my Foot,  
 With an *Hebrew* Root,  
 That I bled beyond all Measure.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I appear'd before th' Archbishop,  
 And all the High Commission ;  
 I gave him no Grace,  
 But told him to his Face  
 That he favour'd Superstition.

*Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,  
 Miters, Copes, and Rochets :  
 Come hear me pray nine times a Day,  
 And fill your Heads with Crochets.*





## XXIX.

*Of banishing the Ladies out of Town.*

1.

**A** Story strange I will unfold;  
 Than which, a sadder ne'er was told,  
 How the Ladies were from *London* sent,  
 With mickle Woe and Discontent.

2.

A Heart of Marble would have bled,  
 To see this Rout of White and Red:  
 Both *York* and *Lancaster* must Fly,  
 With all their painted Monarchy.

3.

Those Faces which Men so much prize,  
 In Mrs. *Gibbes* her Liveries,  
 Must leave their false and borrowed hue,  
 And put on grief that's only true.

4.

Those pretty Patches long and round,  
 Which cover'd all that was not found;  
 Must be forgotten at the Farms,  
 As useless and suspicious Charms.

E

5. Now



5.  
Now we must leave all our Designs,  
That were contriv'd within the Lines;  
Communication is deny'd,  
If to our Husbands we be try'd.

6.  
And here's the Misery alone,  
We must have nothing but our own,  
O, give us Liberty, and we  
Will never ask Propriety.

7.  
Alas how can a Kiss be sent,  
From Rocky *Cornwall* into *Kent*?  
Or how can *Suffex* stretch an Arm  
To keep a Northern Servant warm?

8.  
Oh *London*! Centre of all Mirth,  
Th' Epitome of *English* Earth;  
All Provinces are in the Streets,  
And *Warwickshire* with *Essex* meets.

9.  
Then farewell *Queen-street*, and the Fields,  
And Garden that such pleasure yields,  
O, who would such fair Lodgings change,  
To nestle in a plunder'd Grange!

10.

Farewell good Places old and new,  
 And *Oxford Kates* once more adieu;  
 But it goes unto our very hearts,  
 To leave the *Cheese-cakes* and the *Tarts*.

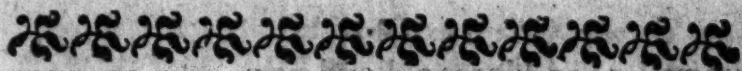
11.

Farewell *Bridge-foot* and *Bear* thereby,  
 And those bald-pates that stand so high,  
 We wish it from our very Souls,  
 That other Heads were on those Poles.

12.

But whether hands of Parliament,  
 Or of Husbands, we're content,  
 Since all alike such Traytors be,  
 Both against us and Monarchy.





## XXX.

*Loyalty confin'd.*

**B**eat on proud Billows, *Boreas* Blow,  
 Swell curled Waves, high as *Jove's* Roof,  
 Your Incivility doth shew,  
 That Innocence is tempest proof; (calm,  
 Though surly *Nereus* frown, my Thoughts are  
 Then strike Affliction, for thy Wounds are balm.

That which the World miscalls a Goal,  
 A private Closet is to me,  
 Whilst a good Conscience is my Bail,  
 And Innocence my Liberty:  
 Locks, Bars, and Solitude together met,  
 Makes me no Prisoner, but an Anchorit:

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,  
 Into this private Room was turn'd,  
 As if their Wisdom had conspir'd,  
 The Salamander should be burn'd.  
 O like a Sophy, that would drown a Fish,  
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The Cynick hugs his Poverty;  
 The Pelican her Wilderness,

And



And 'tis the *Indians* pride to be  
Naked, on frozen *Caucasus* :

Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
Make Torments easy to their Apathy.

These Menaces upon my Arm,  
I, as my Mistress's Favours wear;  
And for to keep my Ancles warm,  
I have some Iron Shackles there :

These Walls are but my Garrison; this Cell  
Which Men call Goal, doth prove my Citadel.

So he that struck at *Jason's* Life,  
Thinking he had his Purpose sure;  
By a malicious friendly Knife,  
Did only wound him to a cure:  
Malice I see wants Wit, for what is meant,  
Mischiefe oft-times, proves favour by th' Event.

I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,  
Like some high prized *Margaret*,  
Or like some great *Mogul*, or *Pope*,  
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:  
Retirement is a piece of Majesty,  
And thus proud *Sultan*, I'm as great as thee.

Here Sin for want of Food must starve,  
Where tempting Objects are not seen,

And these strong Walls do only serve,  
 To keep Vice out, and keep me in:  
 Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
 I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

When once my Prince Affliction hath,  
 Prosperity doth Treason seem;  
 And for to smooch so rough a Path,  
 I can learn Patience from him.

Now not to suffer, shews no Loyal heart,  
 When Kings want ease, Subjects must bear a

Have you not seen the Nightingale,  
 A Pilgrim coop'd into a Cage,  
 How doth she chant her wonted Tale,  
 In that her narrow Hermitage:  
 Even then her charming Melody doth prove,  
 That all her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

My Soul is free as th' ambient Air,  
 Although my baser Part's immur'd,  
 Whilst Loyal Thoughts do still repair,  
 T' accompany my Solitude:  
 And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing,  
 Disgrace to Rebels, glory to my King.

What though I cannot see my King,  
 Neither in his Person or his Coin,

Yet

Yet Contemplation is a Thing,  
That renders what I have not mine.

My King from me, what Adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my Heart.

I am that Bird whom they combine,  
Thus to deprive of Liberty,  
But though they do my Corps confine,  
Yet mangre hate, my Soul is free.

Although Rebellion do my Body bind,  
My King can only captivate my Mind.

XXXI.

*The Penitent Traytor.*

*The Humble Petition of a Devonshire  
Gentleman, who was Condemned for  
TREASON, and Executed for the  
same, Ann. 1641.*

*To the Tune of, Fortune my Foe, &c.*

**A**ttend good Christian People to my Story,  
A sadder yet was never brought before ye;  
Let each Man learn here like a good Disciple,  
To shun foul Treason, and the Tree that's Tripple.



Long time I liv'd in the Country next to *Cornwall*,  
And there my Children were both bred and born  
Great was my Credit, as my Debrs did speak, (all,  
And now I'll shew you why my Neck must break.

There being a Parliament call'd in *September*,  
I was for th' Commons an Elected Member ;  
And though there were besides above four hundred  
Yet I at last was for the fifth part numbred.

For first, I join'd with some whom Piety (be ;  
Made Knaves, lest such their Fathers prov'd should  
Their Ignorance to Sin enjoined many Voices,  
Which made bad Speeches, but excellent Noises.

Thus by my Faction the whole House was sway'd,  
All sorts of people flock'd to me for Aid ; (gar,  
They brought me Gold and Plate in Huggar Mug-  
Besides eight hundred pounds worth in Loaf-sugar.

What e're the Grievance was, I did advise  
They should Petitions bring in humble wise,  
Which I did frame my self, and thus did rook them,  
They paid me when I gave, and when I rook them.

By this I gained, and by the Money-Pole,  
Which paid my Debrs, 10000 Pounds i'th' whole ;  
My Childrens Portions too, with much content,  
I paid in State, by Acts of Parliament.

Thus

Thus though I make all Jesuits fly the Nation,  
My self did practise much Equivocation ;  
For oft I vow'd the Common-wealth as honey  
Was sweet to me, but I, by Wealth, meant Money.

And lest my Plots should after be unmasked,  
And how I got such Wealth, chance to be asked,  
I cast about how I might gain such Power,  
As might from Justice safely me secure.

Then first I labour'd to divest the Crown,  
Of all Prerogatives, and bring them down ;  
First, to both Houses, and then but one should  
have them (them ;  
Five Members next, and last my self would have

Because I knew the State would not admit  
Such Change, unless the Church did usher it ;  
I left the old Religion for Advantage,  
Endeavouring to set up one that did want Age.

Which when all learned Levites did withstand,  
(Regarding God's Word more than my Command)  
I such suppress'd, and made (for which I woe am)  
The basest People Priests, like *Jeroboam*.

Then each Profession sent out *Teachers*, more  
Than both the Universities could do ;  
To handle a *Text* the Good-wife's Fingers itches,  
And vows she'll preach with her Husband for the  
Breeches.

By this new Godly lives but few did gain,  
 The rest for want of *Trading* they complain;  
 I told them 'twas a wicked Counsellors Plot,  
 And till his Head went off, their Wares would not.

This Great Man's guilt was Loyalty and Wisdom,  
 Which made me cast about to work his Doom;  
 The Sword of Justice was too short to do't,  
 Two thousand Clubs must therefore jerk it out.

He being knock'd down, some others for the like  
 Were sent to Prison, some escap'd in time; (Crime,  
 Thus Law and Equity in awe was kept here, (ter:  
 And Clubs were taught how to controul the Scep-

We took from th' Upper-house, Votes five times five,  
 And they aim'd all the King's Voice Negative,  
 Which to effect we did an Order make, (take:  
 That what he would not give, our selves would

Then we petition'd that the Forts and Towers,  
 And all the Strength o'th Kingdom might be ours;  
 And thus to save the King from Sovereign Dangers,  
 As if he had better Fall by Us than Strangers.

Whilst he denies, they legally are stay'd on  
 By a Law call'd, *Resolv'd upon the Question*;  
 But still his Chief Strength was above our Arts;  
 His righteous Cause, and loyal Subjects Hearts.

Being



Being arm'd with these, by Heaven he was so blest,  
That he soon honour got, and all the rest;  
Bringing all such to Punishment indignant,  
As were of my contrived part, Malignant.

O Tyburn, Tyburn; O thou sad Triangle,  
A viler wight on thee ne'er yet did dangle;  
See here I am at last with Hemp to mew,  
To give thee what was long before thy due.

How could I bless thee, could'st thee take away  
My Life and Infamy both in one day;  
But this in Ballads will survive, I know,  
Sung to that preaching Tune, *Fortune my Foe*.

Then mark good Christian People, and take heed,  
Use not Religion for an upper Weed;  
Serve God sincerely, touch not his *Anointed*,  
And then your *Necks* shall never be disjointed.

God bless the King, the Queen, and all the Chil-  
dren,  
And pardon me all, that I 'gainst them have ill  
done;  
May one of that brave Race still rule this Nation,  
And now I pray you sing the Lamentation.



## XXXII.

*The five Members Thanks to the Parlia-  
ment.*

**N**OW lend your Ear a while  
To a Tale that I shall tell,  
Of a lusty lively Parliament  
That goes on passing well.

Which makes our Gracious King, a King  
Of so much Worth and Glory,  
His like is not to be seen or found  
In any humane Story.

Win him who knows how many Crowns,  
With loss of two or three,  
Within so short a time as this,  
As Wonder is to see.

The Country eas'd, the City pleas'd,  
O what a World is this!  
When upright Men did stand at Helm,  
How can we fail or miss?

And yet beyond all this, the King,  
Doth in abundance swim,  
Gramercy K ——— and Stroud say I,  
Hastierigg, H ——— Hampden, Pym.

*Kimballa  
Hollis And*

And when as our Church Government  
Was fallen into Disorder,  
As that upon gross Popery  
It seem'd somewhat to border.

So sweet a Course is taken now,  
As no Man need to fear,  
For Bishops learn'd and learned Men  
Have nothing to do here :

But every one shall teach and preach,  
As best beseems his Sense ;  
And so we'll banish Popery,  
And send it packing hence.

Now for that happy Church and State,  
Drest up so fine and trim ;  
Gramercy K—— and Stroud say I,  
Haslerigg, H—— Hampden, Pym.

For Arbitrary Government,  
Star-Chamber, High Commission,  
They will themselves do all that Work,  
By their good King's Permission.

If any else presume to do't,  
They weigh it not a straw ;  
They'll club such sawcy Fellows down,  
As Beasts debarr'd of Law.

And



And let no Wights henceforth presume  
 To hold it Rhime or Reason,  
 That Judges shall determine what  
 Is Felony or Treason:

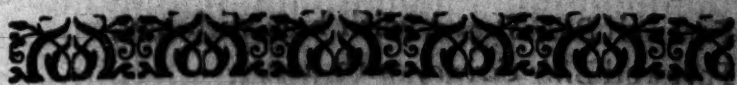
But what the Worthies say is so,  
 Is Treason to a ward,  
 Albeit in Council only spoke,  
 And at the Conncel-board.

I'll shew you yet another thing,  
 Which you'll rejoyce to see,  
 The Prince and People know that these  
 Men cannot Traytors be.

Then let our King, our Church and State  
 Acknowledge as is due,  
 The Benefits they do receive  
 From this right Divine crew.

And for this Sea of Liberty,  
 Wherein we yet do swim,  
 Gramercy *K——* and *Stroud* say I,  
*Haslerigg, H—— Hampden, Pym.*





XXXIII.

*London's Farewell to the Parliament.*

**F**arewell to the Parliament, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell to the Parliament, with hoe,  
 Your dear delight the City,  
 Our Wants have made us witty,  
 And a Fig for the close Committee,  
 With a hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord of *Essex*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord of *Essex*, with hoe,  
 He sleeps till eleven,  
 And leaves the Cause at six and seven,  
 But 'tis no matter, their hope's in Heaven,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hoe,  
 The Saw-pit did hide him,  
 Whilst *Hastings* did out-ride him,  
 Then came *Brooks* and he out-ly'd him,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Fare

88 A COLLECTION of

Farewell Billy Stroud, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Billy Stroud, with hoe,  
 He swore all Wharton's Lyes were true,  
 And it concern'd him so to do,  
 For he was in the Saw-pit too,  
 With a hey trolly, &c.

Farewell the Lord Brooks, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord Brooks, with hoe,  
 He said (but first he had got a Rattle)  
 That but one hundred fell in the Battle,  
 Besides Dogs, Whores, and such Parliament  
 Cattle,  
 With a hey trolly, &c.

Farewell Say and Seale, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Say and Seale, with hoe,  
 May these Valiant Sons of Ammon,  
 All be Hang'd as high as Haman,  
 With the old Anabaptist they came on,  
 With a hey trolly, &c.

Farewell K——, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell K——, with hoe,  
 Thy Father writ a Godly Book,  
 Yet all was fish that came to the hook,  
 Sure he is damn'd though but for his look.  
 With a hey trolly, &c.

Fare



Farewell *K* — with hey, with hey,

Farewell *K* — with hoe,

Thy House had been confounded,

In vain he had compounded,

If he had not got a Roundhead,

With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell *D* — *H* — with hey, with hey,

Farewell *D* — *H* — with hoe

'Twas his Ambition, or his Need,

Not his Religion did the Deed,

But his Widow hath ram'd him of the speed,

With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell *John Hampden*, with hey, with hey,

Farewell *John Hampden* with hoe,

He's a sly and subtil Fox,

We'll read in *Buchanan* and *Knox*,

And he's gone down to goad the Ox,

With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell *John Pym*, with hey, with hey,

Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,

He would have had a place in Court,

And he ventur'd all his Party for't,

But Bribing proves his best support,

With hey trolly, &c.

Fare-

Farewell *John Pym*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,  
 For all the feign'd disaſter  
 Of the *Taylor* and the *Plaster*,  
 Thou ſhalt not be our *Maſter*,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell *Major Skippon*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *Major Skippon* with hoe,  
 Ye have order'd him to kill and ſlay,  
 To reſcue him and run away,  
 Provide you vote fair *Weather*, and pay,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell our *Worthies* all, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell our *Worthies* all with hoe,  
 For they inſtead of dying,  
 Maintain the *Truth* by lying,  
 And get *Victories* by flying,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell our *Scotch Brethren*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell our *Scotch Brethren*, with hoe,  
 They March but to the *Border*,  
 But will be brought no farther,  
 For neither *Ordinance* nor *Order*,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell my little Levites, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell my little Levites, with hoe,  
     Though you seem to fear him,  
     Yet you can scarce forbear him,  
     And when you thank him, you but jeer him,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

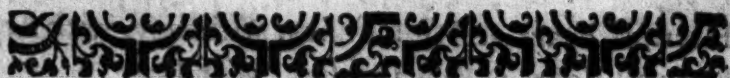
Farewell Fears and Jealousies, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Fears and Jealousies, with hoe,  
     Which, with lying Declarations,  
     Tumults, Traytors, and Protections,  
     Have been the Ruin of two Nations,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

Farewell little *Isaac*, with hey, with hey, *Pennington*  
 Farewell little *Isaac*, with hoe,  
     Thou hast made us all, like Asses,  
     Part with our Plate, and drink in Glasses,  
     Whilst thou grow'st rich with 2 s. Passes,  
 With hey trolly, &c.

hey,  
 Farewell Plate and Money, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Plate and Money, with hoe,  
     'Tis going down by Water,  
     Or something near the matter,  
     And a Publick Faith's going after,  
 With hey trolly, &c.



Farewell Members five, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Members five, with hoe,  
 Next Petition we deliver,  
 Sends you packing down the River,  
 And the Devil be your driver,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.



## XXXIV.

## A SONG.

**N**EW-England is preparing a-pace,  
 To entertain King Pym, with his Grace,  
 And Isaac before shall carry the Mace,  
*For Roundheads Old Nick stand up now.*

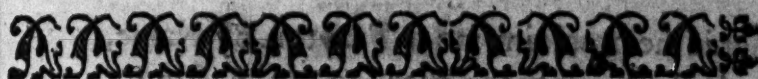
No Surplice, nor no Organs there,  
 Shall ever offend the Eye, or the Ear,  
 But a Spiritual Preach, with a three Hours Prayer  
*For Roundheads, &c.*

All Things in Zeal shall there be carried,  
 Without any Porridge read over the buried,  
 No crossing of Infants, nor Rings for the Married  
*For Roundheads, &c.*

The

The Swearer there shall punish'd be still,  
 But Drunkenness private be counted no ill,  
 Yet both kind of Lying as much as you will,  
*For Roundheads, &c.*

Blow Winds, hoist Sails, and let us be gone,  
 But be sure we take all our Plunder along,  
 That *Charles* may find little when as he doth come,  
*For Roundheads old Nick stand up now.*



## XXXV.

*Sir John Hotham's Alarm.*

COME Traytors, march on, to the Leader  
*Sir John,*

Though King *Charles* his Friends disaffect you,  
 Do not obey him, but obey Devil *Pym*,

And the Parliament will protect you.

Let us plead that we Fight, for the King and his  
 Right,

But if he desire for to enter,

Let us armed appear, and let us all Swear,

Our Lives for his Sake we will venture.

But

94 A COLLECTION of

But if he give Command, to disarm out of Hand,  
As we our *Allegiance* do render,  
Let us presently Swear, that commanded we are,  
By the Parliament not to surrender.

If he desire for to see, what Command that may  
be,  
We then will resolve him no further,  
But intreat him to stay, while we send Post away,  
He shall have a Copy of the Order.

But if he proclaim me a Traytor by Name,  
And all you that adhere to my Faction,  
What an Honour it will be, when my Country see  
me,  
Second Pym in a Traytorous Action.

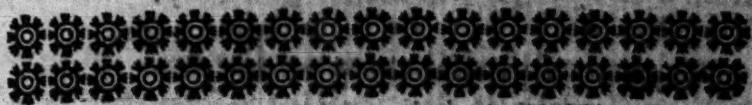
But when the King sends, to require an amends  
Of the Parliament for such denial ;  
Whether Treason or no, the Law shall ne'er know,  
I must be put to your Vote for a Tryal.

And to put it to the Voice, or the Parliament's  
Choice,  
The House being now so empty ;  
If there be such a Thing, as God or a King,  
We'll carry it by five in the twenty.

If



If so please the Fates, as to change our Estates,  
That the King his own Rights doth recover,  
We will turn to their way, and the Town will  
betray,  
Though a Ladder for our pains we turn over.



XXXVI.

*The Cavaliers Prayer.*

GOD blefs the King and Queen, the Prince  
also,  
And all his Loyal Subjects both high and low,  
For Roundheads can pray for themselves we know;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Devil take Pym and all his Peers,  
God blefs Prince Rupert, and his Cavaliers,  
For if they come hither Pym will flink with Fears;  
*Which no body can deny.*

God blefs Rupert and Maurice withal,  
That gave the Roundheads a great downfal,  
And knock'd their Noddles 'gainst Worcester Wall;  
*Which no body can deny.*

Lawn Sleeves and Surplices must go down,  
 For why, King Pym doth sway the Crown;  
 But all are Bishops that wears a Black Gown;  
*Which no body can deny.*

Let the Canons roar, and the Bullets fly,  
 King Pym doth swear he'll not come nigh,  
 He Says, its a pittiful thing to die;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Horners* they are brave Blades,  
 I do not know, but it is said,  
 The stout Earl of *Essex* is free of that Trade;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Baker over *Burton* cannot domineer;  
 For it is most firmly reported here,  
 He's as free of the Pillory as ever they were;  
*Which no body can deny.*

There is *Isaac Pennington* both wise and old,  
 I do not know, but 'tis for Truth told,  
 That he is turned poor Sexton of *Paul's*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There is a Lord *W——* both wise and round,  
 He will meet *Prince Rupert* upon any ground,  
 And if that his hands behind him be bound;  
*Which few People can deny.*



## XXXVII.

*A Western Wonder.*

**D**O you not know, not a Fortnight ago,  
 How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?  
 When a hundred and ten, slew five thousand Men,  
 With the Help of Lightning and Thunder.

There *Hopton* was slain, again and again,  
 Or else my Author did lye;  
 With a new *Thanksgiving*, for those who are li-  
 ving,  
 To God, and his Servant *Chudleigh*.

But now on which Side, was this Miracle try'd,  
 I hope we at last are even;  
 For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves, are risen from their  
 Graves,  
 And cudgell'd the Clowns of *Devon*.

And now *St. John*<sup>?</sup> came, for his Honour was lame  
 Of the Gout three Months together;  
 But it prov'd when they fought, but a running  
 Gout,  
 For his Heels were lighter than ever.



For now he out-runs, his Arms and his Guns,  
 And leaves all his Money behind him;  
 But they follow after, unless he take Water  
 At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath cost, and *Jr. ———* hath lost,  
 Goes deep in the Sequestration;  
 These Wounds will not heal, with your new Great  
 Seal,  
 Nor *Jepson's* Declarations.

Now *Peters*, and *Cafe*, in their Prayer and Grace,  
 Remember their new *Thanksgiving*;  
*Isaac* and his *Wife*, now dig for their Life,  
 And shortly must do't for their Living.



## XXXVIII.

## A SONG.

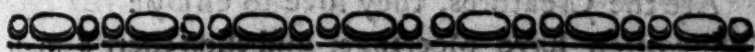
THE World is now turn'd upside-down,  
 'Tis thought King *Charles* will keep his  
 Crown,  
 The *Roundheads* now shall all be put down,  
 And alas poor *Parliament*, now, now, now.

Prince

Prince *Rupert* made fair work t'other Day,  
He kill'd all the Troopers that durst to stay,  
Thereft he kill'd, their Horses running away :  
*And alas poor Parliament, now, now, now.*

For *Essex* his Horns hung so in his Light,  
Alas poor Cuckold, he could not see to fight,  
And both Houses they were all ready to——  
*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*

Then send for *Warwick*, and give him good pay,  
He'll hoist up his Sails, and carry you away,  
In hopes you'll stand his Friend another Day :  
*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*



XXXIX.

*A Song, in defence of Christmas.*

**N**OW Christmas is come, let us beat up the  
Drum,

And call our good Neighbours together ;  
And when they appear, let us make them good  
Chear,

That will keep out the Wind and the Weather:  
To feast at this Season, I think 'tis no Treason,

I could give you a Reason why ;  
Though some are so pure, that they cannot endure,  
To see a Nativity Pye.

100 A COLLECTION OF

I cannot but wonder, that the Soldiers should  
plunder,  
For keeping our Saviour's Birth;  
For all Christians then, or I cannot tell when,  
Should shew forth their Joy and their Mirth:  
But our Saints now a Days, despise good old Ways,  
'Gainst which they both preach and pray;  
But to give them their Dues, they're no better than  
Jews,  
That speak against Christmas Day.

These like the good Chear, all Times of the Year,  
'Tis the Birth-day that doth them annoy;  
Plumb-porridge and Brawn, and the Doe and the  
Fawn,

Are the Creatures, they love to enjoy:  
They often have Meetings, and then there's such  
Greetings,  
Such tracing of Sisters about;  
'They preach and they pray, but I must not now  
say,  
What they do when their Candles are out.

Yet I cannot forbear, to tell in your Ear,  
What befell at a breaking of Bread:  
How a Virgin full near, went thither to Eat,  
But it cost her, her Maiden-head:  
These Men of high Merit, though much for the  
Spirit,  
Are yet for the Flesh now and then;  
For a new Babe of Grace, was got near the Place,  
By a Congregational Man. The



The Dippers and Ranters, and our Scotch Co-  
venanters,

That brag of their Faith and their Zeal ;

These abound in their Fainings, but I'll make no  
Complainings,

Nor will I their Secrets reveal.

The poor Cavaliers, that still live in Fears,

Of Prisons, and Sequestration ;

Though they keep Christmas Day, are more honest  
than they,

But Honesty's quite out of Fashion.

If you view our great Cities, and our Country  
Committees,

You will not find overmuch there ;

Our Divines, though they preach it, themselves do  
scarce reach it,

And our Lawyers have little to spare.

I could tell of some more, that have no great Store,

Of our Gentry, both Old and New ;

But I think it is best, with edge Tools not to jest,

Nor to speak all we know to be true.

But the poor Cavalier, as to Mirth and good  
Cheer,

Must now bid Christmas adieu ;

If the Taxes hold on, their Money will be gone,

They will want both to Bake and to Brew :

Their Healths are put down, who adher'd to the  
Crown,

'Tis they that must fast and pray,  
For to any Mans thinking, both their eating and  
drinking,  
Is like to be taken away.



## XL.

*A Bill on St. Paul's Church Door.*

**T**HIS House is to be Lett,  
It is both wide, and fair;  
If you would know the Price of it,  
Pray ask of Mr. Mayor.

*Isaac Pennington.*



## XLI.

## A SONG.

**W**HAT though the Zealots, pull down the  
Prelates,  
Push at the Pulpit, and kick at the Crown;  
Shall we not ever, strive to endeavour,  
Once more to purchase our Royal Renown?  
Shall not the Roundhead first be confounded?  
Sa, fa, fa, fa Boys, ha, ha, ha, ha Boys. Then

Then we'll return home, with Triumph and Joy;  
 Then we'll be merry, drink Sack and Sherry,  
 And we will sing Boys, *God bless the King Boys,*  
 Cast up our Caps, and cry, *Vive le Roy.*

What though the wise, make Alderman *Isaac,*  
 Put us into Prison, and steal our Estates;  
 Though we are forced, to be un-horsed,  
 And walk on Foot, as it pleaseth the Fates:  
 In the King's Army, no Man will harm ye;  
 Then come along Boys, valiant and strong  
 Boys,  
 Fight for your Goods, which the Roundheads  
 enjoy;  
 And when you venture, *London* to enter,  
 And when you come Boys, with Fife and Drum  
 Boys,  
*Isaac* himself shall cry, *Vive le Roy.*

If not then, chuse him, 'twill not excuse him,  
 Since honest Parliaments never made them  
 Thieves;  
*Charles* ne'er did further, Thieves dipt in Murder:  
 Never by Pardon, long Lease, or Reprieves:  
 For such Conditions, and Propositions  
 Will not be granted, then be not daunted,  
 We will our honest old Customs enjoy;  
*Paul's* now rejected, shall be respected,  
 And in the Quire, Voices sing b' gher,  
 Thanks to *Jehovah*, then *Vive le Roy.*





## XLII.

*On Colonel Venne's Encouragement to his  
Soldiers.*

## A S O N G.

**F**IGHT on brave Soldiers for the Cause,  
Fear not the Cavaliers,  
Their Threatnings are, as senseless as  
Our Jealousies and Fears :  
'Tis you must perfect this great Work,  
And all Malignants slay,  
You must bring back the King again,  
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you Fight,  
And for the Kingdoms good ;  
By robbing Churches, plundering them,  
And shedding guiltless Blood.  
Down with the Orthodoxal Train,  
All Loyal Subjects slay,  
When these are gone, we shall be blest  
The clean contrary way.

When

When *Charles* we have made Bankrupt,  
 Of Power and Crown bereft him,  
 And all his Loyal Subjects slain,  
 And none but Rebels left him:  
 When we have beggar'd all the Land,  
 And sent our Trunks away,  
 We'll make him then a Glorious Prince  
 The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his Majesty,  
 That we against him Fight,  
 Nor ever are we beaten back,  
 Because our Cause is right:  
 If any make a scruple at  
 Our Declarations, say,  
 Who fight for us, fight for the King  
 The clean contrary way.

At *Keinton, Brainsford, Plymouth, York,*  
 And divers Places more,  
 What Victories we Saints obtain,  
 The like ne'er seen before:  
 How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,  
 And bravely won the Day,  
 The wicked Cavaliers did run  
 The clean contrary way.

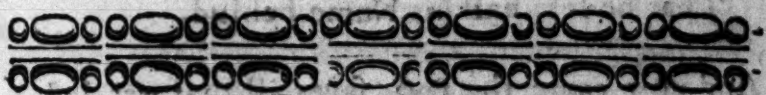
The true Religion we maintain,  
 The Kingdoms Peace and Plenty;  
 The Privilege of Parliament,  
 Not known to One of twenty:  
 The antient Fundamental Laws,  
 And teach Men to obey  
 Their lawful Sovereign, and all these  
 The clean contrary way.

We, Subject's Liberties preserve  
 By Imprisonment and Plunder,  
 And do enrich our selves and State,  
 By keeping th' Wicked under.  
 We must preserve Mechanicks now  
 To Lectorize and pray,  
 By them the Gospel is advanc'd  
 The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much misled  
 By that malignant Crew,  
 He'll find us honest at the last,  
 Give all of us our due.  
 For we do wisely plot, and plot  
 Rebellion to allay,  
 He sees we stand for Peace and Truth  
 The clean contrary way.



The Publick Faith shall save our Souls,  
 And our good Works together;  
 And Ships shall save our Lives that stay  
 Only for Wind and Weather:  
 But when our Faith and Works fall down,  
 And all our Hopes decay,  
 Our Acts will bear us up to Heaven  
 The clean contrary way.



## XLIII.

*A Second Western Wonder.*

**Y**OU heard of that Wonder, of the *Lightning*  
 and *Thunder*,  
 Which made the *Lycso* much the louder;  
 Now list to another, that *Miracles* Brother,  
 Which was done with a *Firkin* of *Powder*.

Oh what a damp, struck through the Camp,  
 But as for *Honest Sir Ralph*,  
 It blew him to the *Vies*, without Beard, or Eyes,  
 But at least three Heads and a half.

When out came the Book, which the *News-monger*  
took

From the *preaching Ladies Letter*,  
Where in the first place, stood the *Conqueror's Face*,  
Which made it shew so much the better.

But now without Lying, you may paint him flying,  
At *Bristol* they say you may find  
Great *William the Con*, so fast he did run,  
That he left half his Name behind.

And now came the Post, faves all that was lost,  
But alas, we are past deceiving,  
By a trick so stale, or else such a tail  
Might mount for a new *Thanksgiving*.

This made Mr. *Cafe*, with a pittiful Face,  
In the Pulpit to fall a weeping,  
Though his Mouth utter'd *Lyes*, *Truth* fell from his  
Eyes,  
Which kept our Lord *Mayor* from Sleeping.

Now shut up Shops, and spend your last Drops,  
For the Laws of your Cause, you that loath 'um,  
Left *Essex* should start, and play the *second Part*  
Of *Worshipful Sir John Hotham*.

\*\*\*\*\*

XLIV.

*The Battle of Worcester.*

**A**LL you that be true to the King and the State,  
Come listen, and I'll tell you what happen'd  
In a large Field near Worcester's-Gate (of late,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Brave Sir John Byron, true to the Crown,  
With Forces too few, 'tis very well known,  
Went thither, 'tis said, to keep the Town,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But whether 'twas true, ye have learn'd to guess,  
As for my own part, I think no less,  
To give you a Taste of our future Success,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Thither came Finnes with Arms compleat,  
The Town to take, and Byron defeat,  
Provisions were made, but he staid not to eat,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But as soon as he heard our great Guns play,  
With a Flea in's Ear, he ran quite away,  
Like the lawful begotten Son of Lord Say,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Nay,



Nay, had the old crop-ear'd his Father dar'd  
To approach the Walls, his Design had been marr'd,  
For Byron would not have proved a Ward,

*Which no body, &c.*

Pox on him he keeps his Patent yet,  
But I hope next Term he shall not sit,  
'Twas but *quam diu se bene Gesserit*,

*Which no body, &c.*

But now behold, increased in Force,  
He comes again, with ten Troops of Horse,  
Oh! Bloody-Man he had no remorse,

*Which no body, &c.*

They marched up boldly, without any fear,  
Little thinking Prince *Rupert* was come so near,  
But alas! poor Souls it cost them dear,

*Which no body, &c.*

The Prince like a gallant Man of his Trade,  
March'd out of the Town, till this quarter was made,  
Sir, the Enemies are near at hand it is said:

*Which no body, &c.*

Where, where are they? Prince *Rupert* cries,  
And looking about with fiery Eyes,  
Some thirty behind a Hedge he spies,

*Which no body, &c.*

This

This Forlorn-hope he no sooner saw,  
But four or five more did towards them draw;  
He asked, who's there? one answer'd him, haw,  
*Which no body, &c.*

The Man you'll say was rudely bred;  
The Prince shot a Bullet into his Head,  
His haw had been better spared then said,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Prince Maurice then to second his Brother,  
Discharg'd his Pistol, and down fell another,  
'Twere pity but News were sent to his Mother,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Lord Digby flew one to his great Fame,  
So did Monsieur de Lisse, and Sir Rich. Crane,  
And another French Man, with a harder Name,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Prince Rupert to his own Force retired, (fired,  
And bad them not shoot till their Doublets were  
His Courage and Conduct were both admired,  
*Which no body, &c.*

He charged but twice, yet made them shrink,  
'Twere hard to get off, now one would think,  
Yet both can do it as easie as drink.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Then

Then have amongst ye, quoth Sir *Leaves Dives*,  
 For a good Cause you know always thrives,  
 His Heart in his Shoulders cost many Men's lives,  
*Which no body, &c.*

*John Byron* did as bravely fight;  
 To the *Prince of Wales* his great delight,  
 He came Home in safety and was made a Knight,  
*Which no body, &c.*

My Friend *David Walter*, in Doublet white,  
 Without any Arms either rusty or bright,  
 Charg'd through them twice like a little Spright,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But oh! Prince *Maurice*, where was he?  
 Where one of us would be loath to be,  
 Surrounded with Butchers three times three,  
*Which no body, &c.*

These Men of *East-cheap* little said,  
 But all their blows at his Head they made,  
 As if they had been at work at their Trade,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Then came a *French-man* Fiery and Keen,  
 He broke the Ring, and came in between,  
 E're a Man let a ——— not a Butcher was seen.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Brave



Brave Lord *Wilmot*, by whose Hands did fall  
Many a Rebel stout and tall,  
Came to him without any Arms at all,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Their Horses then close up they spur'd,  
The Wounds they gave were all with the Sword,  
Their Pistols proved not worth a —  
*Which no body, &c.*

But the Parliament having quite forgot  
To Vote that *Sandys* should not be shot,  
By the hand of a *Monsieur* he went to the Pot,  
*Which no body, &c.*

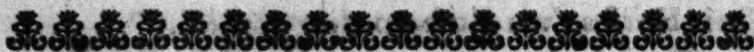
*Douglafs* a *Scotch* -man of great Fame  
Was slain that Day for want of the same;  
The Houses in this were much to blame,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Of all their chief Commanders that Day,  
I hold it fit I should something say,  
His Name was *Brown*, and he ran away,  
*Which no body, &c.*

If a few more o'em should shew such a Freak,  
Both Houses surely would quickly break,  
And honefter Men would have leave to speak,  
*Which no body, &c.*

They

They fly, they fly, Prince *Rupert* cry'd,  
 No sooner said, but away they hy'd;  
 The Force of his Arms they durst not abide,  
*Which no body can deny.*



## XLV.

*A Lenten Litany.*

*Composed for a confiding Brother, for the Benefit and  
 Edification of the Faithful Ones.*

FROM Villainy dress'd in the Doublet of Zeal,  
 From three Kingdoms bak'd in one common  
 Weal,  
 From a gleeck of *Lord-Keeper*s of one poor Seal,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Chancery-Writ, and a Whip and a Bell,  
 From a Justice of Peace that never could spell,  
 From Colonel Pride, and the Vicar of Hell.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From Neat's-feet without socks, and three-penny  
 Pyes,  
 From a new-sprung Light that will put out ones  
 Eyes,  
 From Goldsmith's-hall, the Devil, and Excise,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From

From two Hours talk without one Word of Sense,  
From Liberty still in the future Tense,  
From a Parliament long-wasted Conscience,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Coppid Crown-tenant prick'd up by a  
Brother,  
From damnable Members, and fits of the Mo-  
ther,  
From Ears like Oysters that grin at each other,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Preacher in Buff, and a Quarter-staff-  
Steeple,  
From the unlimited Sovereign Power of the  
People,  
From a Kingdom that crawls on it's Knees like a  
Cripple,

*Libra nos, &c.*

From a Vinegar Priest, on a Crab-Tree Stock,  
From a Feddering of Prayer, four Hours by the  
Clock,  
From a holy Sister with a pitiful Smock,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Hunger-starv'd Sequestrators Maw,  
From Revelations and Visions that never Man  
saw,  
From Religion, without either Gospel or Law,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From



From the Nick and Froth of a Penny Pot-house,  
 From the Fiddle and Cross, and a great Scotch  
 Louse,  
 From Committees that chop up a Man like a  
 Mouse,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From broken Shins, and the Blood of a Martyr,  
 From the Titles of Lords, and Knights of the  
 Garter,  
 From the Teeth of Mad-dogs, and a Country Man's  
 quarter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Publick Faith, and an Egg and Butter,  
 From the *Irish* Purchasers, and all their clutter,  
 From Omega's Nose, when he settles to sputter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Zeal of Old *Harry* lock'd up with a  
 Whore,  
 From waiting with Plaints at the Parliament Door,  
 From the Death of a King without why or  
 wherefore,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the French Disease, and the Puritan fry  
 From such as never Swear, but devoutly can Lye,  
 From cutting of Capers full three story high,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From

From painted Glass, and idolatrous Cringes,  
From a *Presbyter's* Oath that turns upon Hinges,  
From *Westminster* Jews with Levitical Fringes,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that is said, and a thousand times more,  
From a Saint, and his Charity to the Poor,  
From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in  
store.  
*Libera nos, &c.*



XLVI.

*The Second Part.*

THAT if it please thee to assist  
Our *Agitators*, and their Lift,  
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twist,  
*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to suppose  
Our Actions are as good as those,  
That gull the People through the Nose,  
*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee here to enter,  
And fix the rumbling of our center,  
For we live all at peradventure,  
*Quasumus te, &c.*  
That

118 A COLLECTION OF

That it may please thee to unite  
The Flesh and Bones unto the Sprite,  
Else Faith and Literature good Night,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee, O, that we  
May each Man know his Pedigree,  
And save that plague of Heraldry,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee in each Shire  
Cities of Refuge Lord to rear,  
That failing Brethren may know where,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to abhor us,  
Or any such dear Favour for us,  
That thus have wrought thy People's Sorrows,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embrace  
Our Days of Thanks and fasting Face,  
For robbing of thy Holy Place,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to adjourn  
The Day of Judgement, lest we burn,  
For low it is not for our turn,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That



That it may please thee to admit,  
A close Committee there to sit,  
No Devil to a Human Wit!

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to dispence  
A little for Convenience,  
Or let us play upon the Sense,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embalm  
The Saints in Robin Wisdom's Psalm,  
And make them Musical and Calm,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee, since 'tis doubt,  
Satan cannot throw Satan out,  
Unite us and the Highland Rout.

*Quasumus te, &c.*



XLVII.

*The Holy Pedlar.*

FROM a foreign Shore

I am come to store,

Your Shops with rare Devices ;

No Drugs do I bring

From the Indian King,

No Peacocks, Apes, nor Spices :

Such

Such Wares I do shew  
 As in *England* do grow,  
 And are for the good of the Nation,  
 Let no Body fear,  
 To deal in my Ware,  
 For *Sacrilege* now is in Fashion.

I the *Pedlar* am,  
 That came from *Amsterdam*  
 With a pack of *new Religions* ;  
 I did every one fit,  
 According to's Wit,  
 From the *Tub* to *Mahomet's Pigeons* :  
 Great Trading I found,  
 For my spiritual Ground,  
 Wherein every Man was a Medler ;  
 I made People decline,  
 The learned *Divine*,  
 And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedlar*.

First *Surplices* I took,  
 Next the *Common-Prayer-Book*,  
 And made all those *Papists* that us'd 'um ;  
 Then the *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
 I stripp'd of their Means,  
 And gave it to those that abus'd 'um.

The

The *Clergy-men* next,  
I withdrew from their *Text*,  
And set up the gifted *Brother*;  
Thus *Religion* I made,  
But a Matter of Trade,  
And car'd not for one or t'other.

Then *Tythes* I fell upon,  
And those I quickly won,  
'Twas prophane in the *Clergy* to take 'um ;  
But they serv'd for the Lay,  
Till I sold them away,  
And so did Religious make 'um :

But now come away,  
To the *Pedlar*, I pray,  
I scorn to rob or cozen ;  
If Churches you lack,  
Come away to my Pack,  
Here's thirteen to the dozen.

Church *Militants* they be,  
For now we do see,  
They have fought so long with each other ;  
The Rumps-Churches threw down,  
Those that stood for the Crown,  
And sold them to one another.

G

Then



Then come you factious Crew,  
 Here's a Bargain now for you,  
 With the Spoils of the Church you may revel;  
 Now pull down the Bells,  
 And then hang up your selves,  
 And so give his due to the Devil.



## XLVIII.

*The way to wooe a Zealous Lady.*

I Came unto a *Puritan* to wooe,  
 And roughly did salute her with a Kiss;  
 She shov'd me from her when I came unto,  
 Brother, by yea and nay, I like not this:  
 And as I her with amorous Talk saluted,  
 My Articles with Scripture she confuted.

She told me, that I was too much prophane,  
 And not devout, neither in Speech nor Gesture;  
 And I could not one Word answer again,  
 Nor had not so much Grace to call her Sister;  
 For ever something did offend her there,  
 Either my broad Beard, Hat, or my long Hair.

My Band was broad, my 'Parrel was not plain,  
My Points and Girdle made the greatest show;  
My Sword was odious, and my Belt was vain,  
My *Spanish* Shoes were cut too broad at Toe;  
My Stockings light, my Garters ty'd too long,  
My Gloves perfum'd, and had a Scent too strong.

I left my pure Mistress for a space,  
And to a snip-snap Barber strait went I;  
I cut my Hair, and did my Corps uncase  
Of 'Parrels Pride, that did offend her Eye;  
My high-crown'd Hat, my little Beard also,  
My pecked Band, my Shoes were sharp at Toe.

Gone was my Sword, my Belt was laid aside,  
And I transformed both in Looks and Speech;  
My 'Parrel plain, my Cloak was void of Pride,  
My little Skirts, my metamorphos'd Breech;  
My Stockings black, my Garters were ty'd shorter,  
My Gloves no scent; thus march'd I to her Porter.

The Porter spy'd me, and did lead me in,  
Where his sweet Mistress reading was a Chapter;  
Peace to this House, and all that are therein,  
Which holy Words with Admiration wrapt her;  
And ever, as I came her something nigh,  
She, being divine, turn'd up the white o'th' Eye.

Quoth I, dear Sister, and that lik'd her well,  
 I kiss'd her, and did pass to some Delight,  
 She, blushing, said, that long-tail'd Men would tell;  
 Quoth I, I'll be as silent as the Night;  
 And least the Wicked now should have a sight  
 Of what we do, faith, I'll put out the Light.

O do not swear, quoth she, but put it out,  
 Because that I would have you save your Oath;  
 In truth, you shall but kiss me, without doubt;  
 In troth, quoth I, here will we rest us both;  
 Swear you, quoth she, in troth? had you not sworn  
 I'd not have don't, but took it in foul Scorn.



## XLIX.

*A Hae and Cry after the Reformation.*

**W**HEN Temples lie like batter'd Quarrs,  
 Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchres;  
 When Saints forsake their painted Glass  
 To meet their Worships as they pass;  
 When Altars grow luxurious with the Dye  
 Of human Blood,  
 Is this the Flood  
 Of Christianity?

When



When Kings are cupboarded like Cheese,  
 Sights to be seen for Pence a-piece;  
 When Diadems, like Brokers tire,  
 Are custom'd Reliques set to hire;  
 When Sovereignty and Scepters lose their Name  
     Stream'd into Words,  
     Carv'd out by Swords:  
     Are these refining Flames?

When Subjects and Religion stir  
 Like Meteors in the Metaphor;  
 When Zealous hinting and the yawn  
 Excise our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;  
 When blue Digressions fill the troubl'd Air,  
     And th' Pulpit's let  
     To every Set  
     That will usurp the Chair.

Call ye me this the Night's farewell,  
 When our Noon-day's as dark as Hell?  
 How can we less than term such Lights  
*Ecclesiastick Heteroclites?*  
 Bold Sons of *Adam* when in Fire you crawl,  
     Thus high to be,  
     Perch'd on the Tree,  
     Remember but the Fall.

Was it the Glory of a King  
 To make him great by suffering?  
 Was there no way to build God's House  
 But rendring of it infamous?  
 If this be then the merry ghostly Trade?  
     To work in gall?  
     Pray take it all  
     Good Brother of the Blade.

Call it no more the Reformation,  
 According to the new Translation:  
 Why will you wrack the common Brain  
 With Words of an unwonted strain?  
 As Plunder? or a Phrase in Senses cleft?  
     When things more nigh  
     May well supply  
     And call it down-right Theft.

Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*  
 Consent, and swear the naked Lines  
 Want no expounding or contest,  
 Or *Bellarmino* to break a Jest;  
 Since then the Heroes of the Pen with me  
     Ne'er serve the Sense  
     With difference,  
     We all agree, agree.



L.

*The Commoners.*

I.

**C**ome your ways  
Bonny Boys,  
Of the Town,

For now is the time or never;  
Shall your Fears,  
Or your Cares

Cast you down?  
Hang your Wealth,  
And your Health,  
Get Renown,

We all are undone for ever:  
Now the King and the Crown  
Are tumbling down,  
And the Realm doth groan with *Disasters*;  
And the scum of the Land,  
Are the Men that command,  
And our *Slaves* are become our *Masters*.

G 4

2. Now



2.

Now our Lives  
 Children, Wives  
 And Estates,  
 Are a prey to the Lust and Plunder;  
 To the Rage  
 Of our Age;  
 And the Fate  
 Of our Land  
 Is at hand,  
 'Tis too late

To tread these *Usurpers* under.  
 First down goes the *Crown*,  
 Then follows the *Gown*,  
 Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,  
 While *Church* and *State* must  
 Feed their *Pride* and their *Lust*,  
 And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3.

Shall we still  
 Suffer ill  
 And be dumb?  
 And let every *Varlet* undo us?  
 Shall we doubt  
 Of each Lowt,  
 That doth come,  
 With a Voice  
 Like the Noise  
 Of a Drum,  
 And a *Sword* or a *Buff-coat* unto us?

Shall

Shall we lose our Estates  
 By *Plunder* and *Rates*  
 To bedeck those proud Upstarts that *swagger*?  
 Rather Fight for your Meat,  
 Which these *Locusts* do eat,  
 Now every Man is a Beggar.

## LI.

*The Scots Curanto.*

**C**OME, come away to the *English* Wars,  
 A fig for our Hills and Valleys,  
 'Twas we did begin and will lengthen their Jarrs,  
 We'll gain by their Loss and their Follies:

Let the *Nations*  
 By *Invasions*,  
 Break through our Bars,  
 They can get little good by their *Salleyes*.

Though *Irish* and *English* entred be,  
 The State is become our Debtor;  
 Let them have our Land, if their own may be free  
 And the *Scot* will at length be a getter:

If they crave it  
 Let them have it,  
 What care we:  
 We would fain change our Land for a better.

3.

Long have we long'd for the *English* Land,  
 But we are hindred still by Disasters,  
 For now is their Time, when they can't withstand,  
 But are their own Countries Wasters:  
 If we venter,  
 We may enter  
 By command,  
 And at last we shall grow to be Masters.

4.

When at first we began to rebel,  
 Though they did not before regard us,  
 How the name of a *Scot* did the *English* quell,  
 Which formerly have out-dar'd us:  
 For our coming  
 And returning,  
 They paid us well,  
 And Royally did reward us.

5.

The better to bring our Ends about,  
 We must plead for a *Reformation*;  
 And tickle the Minds of the giddy-brain'd Rout,  
 With the hopes of an *Innovation*:  
 They will love us  
 And approve us,  
 Without doubt,  
 If we bring in an *Alteration*.

6. Down



6.

Down with the *Bishops* and their Train,  
 The *Surplice* and *Common Prayers*,  
 Then will we not have a King remain,  
 But we'll be the *Realm's* Surveyors :

So by little

And a little

We shall gain  
 All the Kingdom, without Gain-sayers.

7.

And when at the last we have conquer'd the King,  
 And beaten away the *Cavaliers*,  
 The Parliament next must the same ditty Sing,  
 And thus we will set the State by the Ears :

By their jarring

And their warring

We will bring,  
 Their Estates to be *ours*, which they think to be  
 (*theirs*.)

8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is shar'd,  
 And the People are all made Beggars like we ;  
 A *Scot* will be as good as an English *Leard*,  
 O! what a Unity this will be :

As we gain it

We'll retain it

By the Sward ;  
 And the *English* shall say, *Bonny blew Cap for me.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## LII.

## A SONG.

*On the Schismatick ROTUNDO's.*

ONCE a curious Eye did fix,  
 To observe the Tricks,  
 Of the *Schismaticks* of the Times,  
 To find out which of them  
 Was the merriest Theme,  
 And best would besit my Rhimes;  
*Arminius* I found solid,  
*Socinians* were not stolid,  
 Much Learning for *Papists* did stickle:  
 But ah, ah, ha, ha, ha, *Rotundo's* rot,  
 ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, *Rotundo's* rot,  
 'Tis you that my Spleen doth tickle.

And first to tell must not be forgot,  
 How I once did trot,  
 With a great Zealot to a Lecture,  
 Where I a Tub did view,  
 Hung with Apron blue,  
 'Twas the Preachers as I conjecture;  
 His Use and his Doctrine too  
 Were of no other hue,  
 Though he spake in a tone most mickle:  
 But ah, ha, ha, ha, &c.

He

# TO LOYAL SONGS. A

He taught amongst other pretty Things  
 That the Book of Kings  
 Small Benefit brings to the Godly ;  
 Besides he had some Grudges  
 At the Book of Judges,  
 And talk'd of Leviticus oddly ;  
 Wisdom most of all  
 He declares Apocryphal,  
 Beat Bell and the Dragon, like Michael,  
 But ab, ab, ba, ba, ba, ba, &c.  
 'Gainst Human Learning next he envies,  
 And almost boldly says,  
 'Tis that which destroys Inspiration ;  
 Let Superstitious Sense  
 And Wit be banish'd hence,  
 With Popish Predomination :  
 Cut Bishops down in haste,  
 And Cathedrals as fast ;  
 As Corn that's fit for the Sickles :  
 But ab, ab, ba, ba, ba, ba, Rotundo's rot,  
 ab, ab, ba, ba, ba, ba Rotundo's rot,  
 'Tis you that my Spleen doth tickle.

O Lord Almighty  
 How worthy of our praise  
 That with one Word thou dost  
 All things create and bring to pass





## LIII.

*On demolishing the Forts.*

**I**S this the end of all the Toil,  
 And Labour of the Town?  
 And did our Bulwarks rise so high  
 Thus low to tumble down?

All Things go by Contraries now,  
 We fight to fill the Nation,  
 Who build Forts to pull down Popery,  
 Pull down for Edification.

The Independents Tenets, and  
 Their Ways so pleasing be,  
 Our City won't be bound about,  
 But stands for Liberty.

The Popish Doctrine shall no more  
 Prevail within our Nation;  
 For now we see that by our Works,  
 There is no Justification.

What an Almighty Army's this,  
 How worthy of our praising  
 That with one Vote can blow down that  
 All we so long were raising!

Yes

Yet let's not wonder at this Change,  
For thus 'twill be with all;  
These Works did lift themselves too high,  
And Pride must have a Fall.

And when both Houses vote again,  
The Cavies to be gone,  
Nor dares to come within the Lines  
Of Communication.

They must reserve the Sense or else,  
Refer't to the Divines,  
And they had need sit seven Years more  
E'er they can read those Lines.

They went to make a *Gotham* on't,  
For now they did begin  
To build these mighty Banks about,  
To keep the Cuckoes in.

Alas what need they take such pains?  
For why, a Cuckoe here  
May find so many of his Mates,  
He'll sing here all the Year.

Has *Isaac* our Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor, *Permitting*  
With Tradesmen and his Wenches,  
Spent so much Time, and Cakes and Beer,  
To edify these Trenches!

All Trades did shew their Skill in this,  
 Each Wife an Engineer;  
 The May'ress took the Tool in Hand,  
 The Maids the Stones did bear.

These Bulwarks stood for Popery,  
 And yet we never fear'd 'um;  
 And now they worship and fall down,  
 Before those Calves that rear'd 'um.

But tho' for Superstition,  
 The Crosses have been down'd,  
 Who'd think these Works would Popish turn,  
 That ever have been round?

This spoils our Palmistry; for when  
 We'll read the Cities Fate;  
 We find not Lines nor Crosses now,  
 As it has had of late.

No wonder that the Aldermen,  
 Will no more Money lend,  
 When they that in these seven Years,  
 Such learned Works have penn'd.

Now to debase their lofty Lines,  
 In which the Wits delighted,  
 'Tis thought they'll ne'er turn Poets more;  
 Because their Works are slighted.

These.



These to a doleful Tune are set,  
 For they that in the Town,  
 Did every where cry Up go we,  
 Now they must sing down down,

But if that Tyburn do remain,  
 When t'other slighted be,  
 The Cits will thither flock and sing,  
 Hay, hay, then up go we.



## LIV.

*Upon Routing the Scots Army.*

## A SONG.

To the Tune of, *Through the Wood the Lady.*

CAM lend, lend y'are lugs Joes, an he speak  
 a Song,

*Sing beome agen Jocky, sing beome agen Jocky,*  
 O hes velient A's an hes Prowes emong,

*Sing beome agen, beome agen, O val:nt Jocky.*

2. Sirs,

2.

Sirs, *Jocky's* a Man held a mickle Note,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Tha Breech o' tha Covenant stuck in hes Throte,  
*Sing beome agen, beome agen, &c.*

3.

For *Jocky* was riteous, whilk ye wad admire,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 A focht for tha Kirk, bet a plunder'd tha Quire,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

4.

An *Jocky* waxt roth, and toll *Angland* a cam,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Fro whence he'd return, but alack a is lame,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

5.

An *Jocky* was armed fro topp toll to toe,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Wi a po're o Men and th'are good Duke I tro,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

6.

So valent I wis they were, an sa pratt,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Ne Cock nor Hen durst stand in thare gat,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

7.

In every strete thay ded sa Butter,

*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

Ne Child durst shaw his Bred and Butter,

*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

8.

Whan th' *Anglish* Forces they her'd on o're Night,*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

Next Morne thay harnest thomsels for a fight,

*Sing beome agen, beome agen, &c.*

9.

Thare Duke wes tha Mon that wad be sen foor,

*Sing beome agen, Jocky, &c.*

He fea's'tham a while, then turn'd Ars's about,

*Sing beome agen, beome agen, &c.*

10.

Tha Men that ater this valent Scot went,

*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

Had ner soond him out, bet by a strong sent,

*Sing beome agen, beome agen, O valent Jocky.*

11.

Bet se tha reward O that cowardly Crew,

*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

Thare Countremon Ballatine sent 'em to Corfew,

*Not beome agen, beome agen, O slavish Jocky.*

LV. The





## LV.

*The disloyal Timist.*

**N**OW our holy Wars are done,  
 Betwixt the Father and the Son;  
 And since we have by righteous Fate,  
 Distrest a Monarch and his Mate;  
 And first their Heirs fly into France  
 To weep out their Inheritance;

Let's set open all our Packs,  
 Which contain ten thousand Wracks,  
 Cast on the Shore of the red Sea  
 Of Naseby, and of Newberry;  
 If then you will come provided with Gold,  
 We dwell  
 Close by Hell,  
 Where we'll sell  
 What you will,  
 That is ill;  
 For Charity waxeth cold.

## 2.

Hast thou done Murther, or Blood spilt?  
 We can soon giv'r another Name,  
 That will keep thee from all Blame;

But

Bur be it still provided thus,  
That thou hast once been one of us ;  
Gold is the God that shall pardon the Guilt,  
For we have  
What shall save  
Thee from th' Grave,  
Since the Law  
We can awe ;  
Although a famous Prince's Blood were spilt.

3.

If a Church thou hast bereft  
Of its Plate, 'tis holy Theft ;  
Or for Zeal-sake, if thou beest  
Prompted on to take a Priest ;  
Gold is a sure prevailing Advocate ;  
Then come  
Bring a sum,  
Law is dumb :  
And submits,  
To our Wits ;  
For it's Policy guides a State.





## LVI.

*A Medley.*

1.

**R**OOM for a Gamester that plays at all he sees,  
 Whose sickle Faith is fram'd, Sir, to fit such  
 (Times as these;  
 One that cries *Amen*, to ev'ry factious Prayer,  
 From *Hugh Peter's* Pulpit, to *St. Peter's* Chair:  
 One that can comply with Crozier and with Crown;  
 And yet can bouze  
 A full carouze,  
 While Bottles tumble down,  
 Derry down.

2.

This is the way to trample without trembling,  
 Since Sycophants only secure;  
 Covenants and Oaths are Badges of dissembling,  
 'Tis the Polirick pulls down the pure:  
 To plunder and pray,  
 To protest and betray  
 Are the ready ways to be great,  
 Flattering will do the feat:  
 Ne'er go, ne'er stir  
 Have ventur'd farther,  
 Than the greatest of the Damme's in the Town,  
 From a Copper to a Crown.

3. I



3.

I am in an excellent Humour now to think well,  
And I'm in another Humour now to drink well:  
Fill us up a Beer-bowl boy,  
That we may drink it merrily;  
And let none other see,  
Nor cause to understand,  
For if we do, 'tis ten to one we are trepann'd.

4.

Come fill us up a brace of Quarts,  
Whose Anagram is call'd true Hearts;  
If all were true as I would hav't,  
And Britain were cur'd of its Humour,  
Then I should very well like my fate,  
And drink off my Wine at a freer rate,  
Without any Noise or Tumour;  
And then I should fix my Humour.

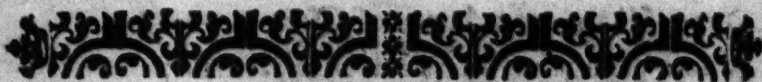
5.

But since 'tis no such matter, change your hue,  
I may cog and flatter, so may you;  
Religion  
Is a wigeon,  
And reason  
Is Treason;  
And he that hath a noble Heart may bid the  
World adieu.

6. We

6.

We must be like the *Scottish* Man;  
 Who with intent to beat down Schism,  
 Brought forth a *Presbyterian*,  
 A Canon and a Catechism,  
 If Beuk won't do't, then *Focky* shoot,  
 The *Kirk* of *Scotland* doth command;  
 And what hath been, since he come in,  
 I am sure we ha' cause to understand.



LVII.

*A Medley of the Nations.*

The S c o t.

I.

I AM the bonny *Scot*, Sir,  
 My Name is *Mickle John*;  
 'Tis I was in the Plot, Sir,  
 When first the Wars began:  
 I left the Court one thousand  
 Six hundred forty one;  
 But since the flight  
 At *Wor'ster* fight  
 We are aw undone.

I serv'd

I serv'd my Lord and Master  
 When as he liv'd at Home,  
 Untill by sad difaster  
 He receiv'd his doom;

But now we sink,  
 Uds breed I think  
 The Deel's gat in his room.  
 He ne Man spares,  
 But stamps and stares  
 At all Christendom.

2.

I have travell'd mickle Grounds,  
 Since I come from *Worster* Bounds,  
 I have gang'd the jolly rounds  
 Of the neighbouring Nations;  
 And what their Opinions are  
 Of the *Scotch* and *English* War,  
 In geed faith I sal declare,  
 And their Approbations.

*Jocky* swears  
 He has his load,  
 Bears the rod,  
 Comes from Cod.

And Complaints go very odd  
 Since the Siege at *Worster*;  
 We were Wounded  
 Tag and rag,  
 Foot and Leg,  
 Wemb and crag;

Hark I hear the *Dutchman* brag;  
 And begin to bluffer.

H

The



## The DUTCH.

3.

Uds Sacrament, *sal Hoghen Moghen States*  
 Strike down der top sails unto puny Powers;  
 Ten thousand tun of Tivel Dammy Fates,  
 If dat der Ships and Goods prove not all ours:  
 Since dat Bloot and Wounds do delight dem,  
 Tararara Trumpet sounds,  
 Let *Van Tromp* go fort and fight dem;  
 All de States shall first be crown'd,  
 English *Skellam* fight not on goat side;  
 Out at last the *Flemins* bear,  
 Dey ha' giv'n us fush a broad Side;  
 Dat ick sal be forc't to retreat,  
 See de *Frenchman* he comes in compleat.

## The FRENCH.

4.

By Gar Monsieur 'tis much in vain  
 For *Dusland*, *France*, or *Spain*,  
 To cross de *English* Main;  
 De Nation now is grown so strong,  
 De Divla er'r be long  
 Must learna de same Tongue:  
 'Tis bettra den far to combine,  
 To sel dem Wine,  
 And teassha dem to make der Lary fine;

We'll

We'll teash dem for to trip and minsh,  
To kick and winsh,  
Fy by de Sword we never sal convince,  
Since every Brewer dere can beat a Prince.

The SPANISH.

What are de *English* to quarrel so prone,  
Dat dey cannot now a-days let deir Neighbour a-  
And sal de Grave and the Catholick King, (lone,  
Before ever dus control'd wid a Sword and a Sling;  
Sal bode de *Indias* be left unto de sway,  
And purity a dose dat do plunder and pray;  
E're dat we will suffer such Affronts for to be,  
We'll tumble dem down, as you sal sennon see:

The WELSH.

Taffy was once a Cortamighty of *Wales*,  
Put her Cousin O. P. was a Greater,  
Was come in her Country Cats-spluttery Nailles,  
Was take her Welch-hook and was peat her;  
Was eat up her Sheefe,  
Her Tuck and her Geese,  
Her Pick, her Capon was ty for't;  
Ap Richard, ap Owen, ap Morgan, ap Stesen,  
Ap Shenkin, ap Powel was fly for't.

## The IRISH.

7.

O hone, O hone, poor Teg and Shone,  
 O hone may howl and cry,  
 St. Patrick help dy Country-Men,  
 Or fait and trot we dye ;  
 De English steal our hoart of *Usquebagh*,  
 Dey put us to de Sword all in *Dewguedagh* :  
 Help us St. Patrick we ha no Saint at all but dee,  
 O let us cry no more, O hone, a cram, a cree !

## The ENGLISH.

8.

A Crown, a Crown, make room,  
 The Englishman is come,  
     Whose Valour  
     Is taller  
 Than all Christendom :  
 The Spanish, French, and Dutch,  
 Scotch, Welch, and Irish Grutch,  
     We fear not,  
     We care not,  
 For we can deal with such. (waste,  
 You thought when we began in a Civil War to  
     Our Tillage  
     Your Pillage  
 Should come home at last :

For



For when we  
 Could not agree,  
 You thought to share in our fall;  
 But ne're stir, Sir,  
 For first, Sir,  
 We shall noose you all.



## LVIII.

*A Medley.*

I.

*The English.* **L**ET the Trumpets sound,  
 And the Rocks rebound,  
 Our English Natives coming;  
 Let the Nations swarm,  
 And the Princes storm,  
 We value not their drumming.  
 'Tis not *France* that looks so smug,  
 Old Fashions still renewing,  
 It is not the *Spanish* shrug,  
*Scottish* cap, or *Irish* rug;  
 Nor the *Dutchman's* double Jugg,  
 Can help what is ensuing;  
 Pray my Masters look about,  
 For something is a Brewing.

H 3

2. He

2. For when we

He that is a Favourite consulting with Fortune,  
 If he grow not wiser, then he's quite undone;  
 In a rising Creature we daily see certainly,  
 He is a Retreater that fails to go on:

He that in a Builder's Trade  
 Stops e'er the Roof be made,  
 By the Air he may be betray'd  
 And overthrown:

He that hath a Race begun,  
 And let's the Goal be won;  
 He had better never run,  
 But let't alone.

3.

Then plot rightly,  
 March lightly,  
 Shew your glittering Arms brightly;  
 Charge lightly,  
 Fight sprightly:  
 Fortune gives Renown.  
 A right riser  
 Will prize her,  
 She makes all the World wiser;  
 Still try her  
 We'll gain by her  
 A Coffin or a Crown.

4. If

4.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*

Come but to oppose us,

We will thrust them out of the Main-yard,

If they do but nose us:

*Hans, Hans*, think upon thy Sins,

And then submit to *Spain* thy Master,

For tho' now you look like Friends,

Yet he will never trust you after

Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,

And let the *Tap* and *Kan* run faster,

For faith, at the last, I think

A Brewer will become your Master.

Let not poor *Teg* and *Shone*

Vander from der Houses,

Left dey be quite undone

In der very *Trowzes*:

And all her Orphans bestow'd under Hatches,

And made in *London* free der to cry Matches;

*St. Patrick* wid his *Harp* do tun'd wid tru strings

Is not fit to unty *St. Hewson's* Shoe-strings.

H 4.

6. Me.



6.

Methinks I hear  
 The *Welsh* draw near,  
 And from each Lock a Louse drops ;  
*Ap Show, ap Lloyd,*  
 Will spend her Ploor,  
 For to defend her Mouse-traps :  
 Mounted on her *Kifflebagh*  
 With coot store of *Koradagh,*  
 The *Pritish* War begins:  
 With a Hook her was over-comes her  
 Pluck her to her, thrust her from her,  
 By Cot her was preak her Shins.  
 Let Taffy fret,  
 And *Welch-book* whet,  
 And troop up Pettigrees;  
 We only tout,  
 Tey will stink us out,  
 Vit Leeks and toasted Sheeze.

7.

But *Fockie* now and *Fenny* comes,  
 Our Brethren must appreve on't ;  
 For pret a Cot dey beat der Drums  
 Only to break de Couvenant.  
 Dey bore St. *Andrew's* Cross,  
 Till our Army quite did rout dem,  
 But when we put um to de Loss  
 De deal a Cross about dem :

The

The King and Covenant they crave,  
Their Cause must needs be further'd;  
Altho' so many Kings they have  
Most barbarously, basely murther'd.

8.

The *Frenchman* he will give consent *The French.*  
Tho' he trickle in our Veins;

That willingly

We may agree,

To a Marriage with Grapes and Grains:

He conquers us with Kindness,

And doth so far intrench,

That fair, and wise, and young, and rich

Are signified by the *French*:

He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,

With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hose;

And faith they shall

Be welcome all

If they forbear the Nose.

For Love, or for Fear,

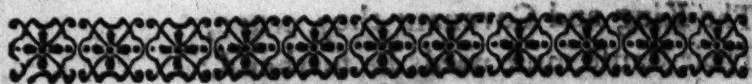
Let Nations forbear;

If Fortune exhibit a Crown,

A Coward he

Must surely be,

That will not put it on.



## LIX.

*The Levellers Rant.*

**T**O the *Hall*, to the *Hall*,  
 For Justice we call,  
 On the King and his pow'rful *Adherents and Friends*,  
 Who still have endeavour'd, but we work their Ends;  
 'Tis we will pull down what e'er is above us,  
 And make them to fear us, that never did love us;  
 We'll level the proud, and make every Degree,  
 To our *Royalty* bow the *Knee*,  
 'Tis no less than *Treason*,  
 'Gainst *Freedom and Reason*  
 For our Brethren to be higher than we.

First the Thing, call'd a *King*,  
 To Judgment we bring, (then he;  
 And the *Spawn* of the *Court*, that were prouder  
 And next the two Houses united shall be,  
 It does to the *Romish Religion* inveagle,  
 For the State to be two-headed like the *Spread-eagle*.

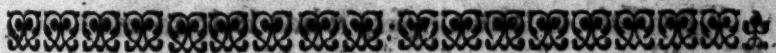
We'll



We'll purge the superfluous Members away,  
 They are too many Kings to sway,  
 And as we all teach,  
 'Tis our Liberties Breach,  
 For the Free-born *Saints* to obey.

3.

Not a Claw, in the Law,  
 Shall keep us in awe;  
 We'll have no *Cushion-Cuffers* to tell us of Hell,  
 For we are all *gifted* to do it as well:  
 'Tis Freedom that we do hold forth to the Nation  
 To enjoy our *Fellow-creatures* as at the Creation;  
 The *Carnal* Mens Wives are for Men of the Spirit,  
 Their Wealth is our own by Merit,  
 For we that have right,  
 By the Law call'd *Might*,  
 Are the *Saints* that must judge and inherit.



LX.

## The SAFETY.

1.

Since it has been lately enacted *High Treason*,  
 For a Man to speak *Truth* of the *Heads* of the *State*,  
 Let every wise Man make use of his Reason,  
 See and hear what he can, but take heed what he  
 prate:

H 6

For

For the Proverbs do learn us,  
*He that stays from the Battel sleeps in a whole Skin,*  
*And our Words are our own, if we can keep 'um in :*  
 What Fools are we then, that to prattle begin,  
 Of Things that do not concern us?

## 2.

Let the three Kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*  
*My Mind is a Kingdom,* and shall be to me;  
 I could make it appear, if I had but the time once,  
 I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three;  
 If I could but enjoy it:  
 He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the *Hate*,  
 And the *Envy* of every *pragmatical* Pate;  
 While he that *creeps* low, lives safe in his State,  
 And *Greatness* do scorn to annoy it.

## 3.

I am never the better which Side gets the Battel,  
 The *Tubs* or the *Crosses*, what is it to me?  
 They'll never increase my Goods or my Cattel,  
 But a *Beggar's* a *Beggar*, and so he shall be,  
 Unless he turn *Traytor*;  
 Let *Misers* take Courses to heap up their Treasure,  
 Whose *Lust* has no *Limits*, whose *Mind* has no *Mea-*  
*sure*;  
 Let me be but quiet, and take a little Pleasure,  
 A little contents my Nature.

## 4. My

My Petition shall be, that Canary be cheaper,  
 Without Patent or Custom, or cursed Excise;  
 That the *Wits* may have leave to drink deeper and  
 (deeper,  
 And not be undone, while their Heads they bap-  
 And in Liquor do drench 'um: (tize,  
 If this were but granted, who would not desire,  
 To dub himself one of *Apollo's* own Quire? (Fire,  
 We'll ring out the Bells, when our Noses are on  
 And the Quarts shall be the Buckets to drench  
 'um.

I account him no Wit, that is gifted at railing,  
 And *firting* at those that above him do sit,  
 While they do out-wit him, with *Whipping* and  
 (Goaling,  
 And his *Purse* and his *Person* both pay for his  
 'Tis better to be drinking; (Wit;  
 If Sack were reform'd into twelve-pence a Quart;  
 I'll study for Money to Merchandize for't,  
 And a Friend that is true, we together will sport,  
 Not a Word, but we'll pay them with thinking.







## LXI.

*The Leveller.*

**N**AY, prithee don't fly me,  
 But sit thee down by me,  
 I cannot endure  
 A Man that's demure,  
 Go hang up your *Worships* and *Sirs*;  
 Your *Congies* and *Trips*,  
 With your *Legs* and your *Lips*,  
 Your *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such finikin Words,  
 With the Complements you bring,  
 That do spell **NO-THING**,  
 You may keep for the *Chains* and the *Furs*:  
 For at the beginning was no Peasant or Prince,  
 And 'twas Policy made the Distinction since.

Those Titles of Honours  
 Do remain in the *Donours*,  
 And not in that thing,  
 To which they do fling,  
 If his Soul be too narrow to wear 'um,  
 No delight can I see  
 In that Word call'd degree,

Honest

Honest Dick sounds as well  
As a name of an *Esq*,  
That with Titles do swell,  
And Sounds like a *Spell*,  
To affright mortal Ears that hear 'um,  
He that wears a brave *Soul*, and dares gallantly do,  
May be his own *Herald* and *God-father* too.

Why should we then doat on,  
One with a *Fools-Coat* on?  
Whose *Coffers* are cramm'd,  
But yet he'll be damn'd  
E're he'll do a good *Act* or a *Wise* one?  
What *Reason* has he  
To be *Ruler* o're me?  
That's a *Lord* in his *Chest*,  
But in's *Head* and his *Breast*,  
Is empty and bare,  
Or but puff'd up with *Air*,  
And can neither *assist* nor *advise* one.

Honour's but *Air*, and proud *Flesh* but *Dust* is,  
'Tis we *Commons* make *Lords*, and the *Clerk* makes  
(the *Justice*.

But since Men must be  
Of a different degree,  
Because most do aspire,  
To be greater and higher,

Then

Then the rest of their Fellows and Brothers ::

He that has such a Spirit,

Let him gain it by his Merit,

Spend his *Brains, Wealth, or Blood.*

For his *Countries* good,

And make himself fit

By his *Valour or Wit,*

For *Things* above the reach of all others.

For *Honour's* a Prize, and who wins it may wear it,

If not 'tis a *Badge* and a *Burthen* to bear it.

5.

For my part let me

Be but quiet and free,

I'll drink Sack and obey,

And let great Ones sway,

And spend their whole time in thinking,

I'll ne're busie my Pate

With Secrets of State,

The *News Books* I'll burn all,

And with the *Diurnal*

Light *Tobacco*, and admit

That they're so far fit,

As they serve good *Company* and *Drinking*:

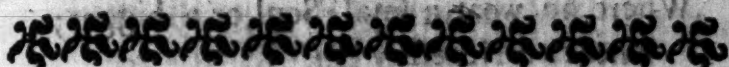
All the *Name* I desire is an honest *Good-Fellow*,

And that *Man* has no worth that won't sometimes

be *Mellow*.

LXII. The





## LXII.

*The Royalists Answer.*

I.  
**I** Have reason to fly thee,  
 And not sit down by thee;  
 For I hate to behold,  
 One so saucy and bold,  
 To deride and contemn his Superiors;  
 Our *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such mannerly Words,  
 With the *Gestures* that be  
 Fit for every Degree,  
 Are Things that we and you  
 Both claim as our due  
 From all those that are our Inferiors;  
 For from the beginning there were *Princes* we  
 know,  
 'Twas you *Levellers* hate 'em, 'cause you can't be so.  
 All Titles of Honours  
 Were at first in the *Donours*;  
 But being granted away  
 With the *Grandees* stay,

Where

Where he wear a small Soul or a bigger;  
 There's a Necessity  
 That there should be degree:  
 Where 'tis due we'll afford  
 A *Sir John*, and my *Lord*,  
 Though *Dick*, *Tom* and *Jack*,  
 Will serve you and your Pack,  
 Honest *Dick's* Name enough for a Digger.  
 He that has a strong *Purse* can all Things be or do,  
 He is *Valiant* and *Wise*, and *Religious* too.

3.  
 We have cause to adore,  
 That Man that has store,  
 Though a *Boar* or a *Sot*,  
 There's something to be got;  
 Though he be neither *Honest* nor *Witty*,  
 Make him high, let him rule,  
 He'll be playing the *Fool*,  
 And *transgress*, then we'll squeeze  
 Him for *Fines* and for *Fees*,  
 And so we shall gain,  
 By the wants of his *Brain*,  
 'Tis the *Fools-cap* that maintains the *City*.  
 If Honour be *Air*, 'tis in common, and as fit, (*Wit*.  
 For the *Fool* and the *Clown*, as for the *Champion* or the

4.  
 Then why mayn't we be  
 Of different degree?  
 And each Man aspire  
 To be greater and higher

Than

Than his *quiser* or *honest* Brother,  
 Since *Fortune* and *Nature*  
 Their *Favours* do scatter;  
 This hath *Valour*, that *Wit*,  
 T' other *Wealth*, nor is't fit  
 That one should have all,  
 For then what would befall

Him, that's *Born* not to *one* nor t'other;  
 Though *Honour* were a *Prize* at first, now 'tis a  
 (Cattle,  
 And as *Merchandise* grown as your *Wares* or your  
 (Cattle.

Yet in this we agree,  
 To live quiet and free,  
 To drink *Sack* and submit,  
 And not shew our *Wit*  
 By our *prating*, but *silence*, and *thinking*,  
 Let the *Politick* *Jews*  
 Read *Diurnals* and *News*,  
 And lard their *Discourse*,  
 With a *Comment* that's worse;  
 That which pleaseth me best  
 Is a *Song* or a *Jest*,  
 And my *Obedience* I'll shew by my *drinking*.

(doth think well,  
 He that drinks well, does sleep well, he that sleeps well,  
 He that thinks well, does do well, he that does well  
 (must drink well.





## LXIII.

*The Independents resolve.*

1.

**C**OME Drawer and fill us about some Wine  
 Let's merrily tipples the Day's our own,  
 We'll have our Delights, let the Country go pine,  
 Let the King and his Kingdom groan :  
 The Crown is our own, and so shall continue,  
 We'll Monarchy baffle quite,  
 We'll drink off the Kingdoms Revenue,  
 And sacrifice all to delight.  
     'Tis Power that brings,  
     Us all to be Kings,  
 And we'll be all crown'd by our Might.

2.

A fig for Divinity-Lectures and Law,  
 And all that to Loyalty do pretend,  
 While we by the Sword keep the Kingdom in awe,  
 Our Power shall never have end.  
 The Church and the State we'll turn into Liquor,  
 And spend a whole Town in a Day ;  
 We'll melt all their Bodkins the quicker  
 Into Sack, and drink them away :  
     We'll keep the Demefnes  
     And turn Bishops and Deans,  
 And over the Presbyters sway.

3. The

3.

The nimble *St. Patrick* is sunk in his *Boggs*,  
 And his *Country-men* sadly cry, *O bone! O bone!*  
*St. Andrew* and's *Kirk-men* are lost in the *Foggs*,  
 Now we are the *Saints* alone.  
 Then on our *Superiors* and *Equals* we trample  
 And *Jocky* our *Stirrup* shall hold;  
 The *City's* our *Mule* for *Example*,  
 That we may in *Plenty* be roul'd.  
 Each delicate *Dish*,  
 Shall but *Eccho* our wish  
 And our *Drink* shall be cordial *Gold*.



LXIV.

*The Lamentation.*

I.

**M**OURN, *London*, mourn,  
 Bathe thy polluted *Soul* in *Tears*;  
 Return, return,  
 Thou hast more cause of *Grief*, then th' hadst for  
 Fears,  
 For the whole *Kingdom* now begins  
 To feel thy *Sorrow* as they saw thy *Sins*,  
 And now do no  
 Compassion show  
 Unto thy *Misery* and *Woe*,  
 But slight thy *Sufferings* as thou didst theirs.  
 1. *Pride*

2.

Pride tow'ring Pride,  
 And boiling Lust, those fatal Twins,  
 Sit side by side,  
 And are become *Plantations* of Sins;  
 Hence thy *Rebellions* first did flow,  
 Both to the King above, and him below;  
 And sordid sloth  
 The Nurse of both,  
 Have rais'd thy Crimes to such a growth,  
 That Sorrow must conclude as Sin begins.

3.

Fire, raging Fire,  
 Shall burn thy *stately Towers* down,  
 Yet not expire;  
*Tygres* and *Wolves*, or Men more savage grown,  
 Thy Children's Brains, and thine shall dash,  
 And in your *Blood* their guilty *Tallons* wash;  
 Thy *Daughters* must  
 Allay their Lust,  
 Mischiefs will be on Mischief thrust,  
 Till the *Cap* tumble as thou mad'st the Crown.

4.

Cry *London* cry!  
 Now, now *Petition* for redress;  
 Where canst thou fly?  
 Thy emptied *Chests* augment thy Heaviness,  
 The



The Gentry and the Commons loath,  
Th' adored Houses slight thee worse than both,  
The King poor Saint,  
Would help, but can't;  
To Heav'n alone unfold thy want,  
Thence come thy Plagues, thence only Pity  
flow'th.

\*\*\*\*\*

LXV.

*The Reformation.*

**T**ELL me not of Lords or Laws;

*Rules or Reformation;*

All that's done's not worth two Straws,

To the Welfare of the Nation.

Men in Power do rant it still,

And give no Reason but ther will,

For all their Domination.

Or if they do an act that's just,

'Tis not because they would, but must,

To gratify some Parties Lust,

Or merely for a Fashion.

Our Expence of Blood and Purse

Has produc'd no Profit.

Men are still as bad or worse,

And will be what e're comes of it:

We've

We've shuffled out, and shuffled in,  
 The Persons but retain the Sin,  
 To make our Game the surer ;  
 Yet spite of all our Pains and Skill,  
 The Knaves all in the Pack are still,  
 And ever were and ever will,  
 Though something now demurer.

## 3.

And it cannot but be so  
 Since those Toys in *Fashion*,  
 And of Souls so base and low,  
 And meer *Bigots* of the *Nation* ;  
 Whose Designs are Power and Wealth,  
 At which, by *Rapines*, *Fraud*, and *Stealth*,  
 Audaciously they vent ye,  
 They lay their Consciences aside,  
 And turn with every *Wind* and *Tide*,  
 Puff'd on by *Ignorance* and *Pride*,  
 And all to look like *Gentry*.

## 4.

*Crimes* are not punish'd 'cause their *Crimes*,  
 But 'cause they're low and little ;  
 Mean Men for mean *Faults* in these Times  
 Make Satisfaction to a tittle ;  
 While those in *Office* and in *Power*,  
 Boldly the *Underlinings* devour.

Our

Our Cobweb Laws can't hold 'um.  
 They sell for many a *Thousand Crowns*,  
 Things which were never yet their own,  
 And this is *Law and Custom* grown,  
 'Cause those do judge that sold 'um.

5.  
 Brothers still with Brothers brawl,  
 And for Trifles sue 'um,  
 For two *Pronouns* that spoil all,  
 Those contentious *Meum, Tuum*;  
 The wary *Lawyer* buys and builds,  
 While the *Client* sells his Fields,  
 To sacrifice to's Fury;  
 And when he thinks to obtain his right  
 He's baffled off, or beaten quite,  
 By th' Judges Will, or Lawyers flight,  
 Or Ignorance of the Jury.

6.  
 See the *Tradesmen* how he thrives  
 With perpetual *Trouble*;  
 How he *Cheats*, and how he *Strives*  
 His Estate t'enlarge and double:  
 Extort, oppress, grind and encroach,  
 To be a *Squire*, and keep a *Coach*,  
 And to be one o'th *Quorum*,  
 Who may with's *Brother* *Worships* sit,  
 And judge without *Law, Fear, or Wit*,  
 Poor petty *Thieves* that nothing get,  
 And yet are brought before 'um.

I

7. And



And his way to get all this  
 Is mere *Disimulation*,  
 No factious Lecture does he miss,  
 And scapes no *Schism* that's in Fashion:  
 But with short Hair and shining Shoes,  
 He with two Pens and's Note-book goes,  
 And winks and writes at random;  
 Thence with short *Meat* and tedious *Grace*,  
 In a loud Tone and Publick Place,  
 Sing *Wisdom's Hymns*, that trot and pace,  
 As if *Goliath* scann'd 'um.

## 8.

But when *Death* begins his Threats,  
 And his *Conscience* struggles,  
 To call to mind his former Cheats  
 Then at Heav'n he turns his Juggles:  
 And out of all's ill-gotten Store,  
 He gives a drib'ling to the Poor,  
 In a *Hospital* or *School-house*,  
 And the suborned *Priest* for's hire  
 Quite frees him from th' *Infernal Fire*,  
 And places him in th' *Angel's Quire*,  
 Thus these *Jack-puddings* fool us.

## 9.

All he gets by's Pains ith' close,  
 Is that he died worth so much,  
 Which he on's doubtful Seed bestows,  
 That neither care nor know much,  
 Then

'Then *Fortunes* favourite his Heir,  
 Bred base, and ignorant and bare,  
 Is blown up like a bubble ;  
 Who *wondring* at's own sudden rise,  
 By *Pride*, *Simplicity* and *Vice*,  
 Falls to's *Sports*, *Drink*, *Drab* and *Dice*  
 And makes all fly like stubble,

10.

And the *Church* the other twin,  
 Whose mad *Zeal* enrag'd us,  
 Is not purify'd a pin,  
 By all those *Broils* in which she engag'd us ;  
 We, our *Wives* turn'd out of *Doors*,  
 And took in *Concubines* and *Whores*,  
 To make an *Alteration* ;  
 Our *Pulpiteers* are proud and bold,  
 They their own *Wills* and *Fashions* hold,  
 And sell *Salvation* still for *Gold*,  
 And here's our *Reformation*.

11.

'Tis a *Madness* then to make,  
 Thriving our *Employment*,  
 And *Lucre* love, for *Lucre's* sake,  
 Since we've *Possession*, not *Enjoyment*.  
 Let the *Times* run on their *Course*,  
 For *Opposition* makes them worse,

We ne'er shall better find 'um,  
 Let *Grandeess* Wealth and Power ingross,  
 And Honour too, while we sit close,  
 And laugh and take our plenteous Dose,  
 Of *Sack*, and never mind 'um,



## LXVI.

CHRONOSTICON Decollationis  
 CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Ja-  
 nuarii, secunda Hora Pomeridiana,  
 Anno Dom. MDCXLVIII.

---

Ter Deno Ianl Labens ReX SoLe CaDente  
 CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLio SCEPTroqVe  
 SeCVto

---

CHARLES — ah, forbear, forbear! lest  
 Mortals prize  
 His Name too dearly, and idolatrize  
 His Name! Our Loss! Thrice cursed and forlorn  
 Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES



CHARLES our Dread Sovereign! ——— hold!  
lest Outlaw'd Sense

Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense  
With those Celestial Powers; and distrust  
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murder'd!  
tremble! and

View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land;  
Court, City, Country, nay, three Kingdoms run  
To their last Stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murder'd at  
his Gate!

Fell Fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State!  
Strange Body-politick! whose Members spread,  
And Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the  
known

King of three Realms, lies murder'd in his  
own;

He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,  
Dy'd here to re-baptize it in his Blood.

No more, no more, Fame's Trump shall Eccho all  
The rest in dreadful Thunder: Such a Fall  
Great Christendom ne'er pattern'd; and 'twas  
strange.

Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britain blind, each well set  
Limb  
By Dislocation was lopp'd off in Him ;  
And though she yet lives, she lives but to condole  
Three bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

*Religion* puts on Black, sad *Loyalty*  
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty  
Butcher'd by such Assassines ; nay, both  
'Gainst God, 'gainst Law, Allegiance, and their Oath.

Farewell sad Isle ! Farewell ! thy fatal Glory  
Is sum'd, cast-up, and cancell'd in this Story.



## LXVII.

*The* REBELLION.

**N**OW, Thanks to the Powers below,  
We have even done our due,  
The Mitre is down, and so is the Crown,  
And with them the Coronet too :  
All is now the Peoples, and then  
What is theirs is ours we know ;  
There is no such thing as a Bishop or King,  
Or Peer, but in Name or Show.

Come

Come Clowns, and come Boys, come Hoberdehoys,  
 Come Females of each Degree,  
 Stretch out your Throats, bring in your Votes,  
 And make good the Anarchy;  
 Then thus it shall be, says *Alie*,  
 Nay, thus it shall be, says *Amie*,  
 Nay, thus it shall go, says *Taffie*, I trow,  
 Nay, thus it shall go, says *Femmy*.

Oh, but the Truth, good People all, the Truth it  
 such a Thing.

For it will undo both Church and State too,  
 And pull out the Throat of our King;  
 No, nor the Spirit, nor the new Light  
 Can make the Point so clear,  
 But we must bring out the defil'd Coar,  
 What Thing the Truth is, and where,  
 Speak *Abraham*, speak *Hester*,  
 Speak *Judith*, speak *Kester*,  
 Speak Tag and Rag, short Coat and long:  
 Truth is the Spell that made us rebel,  
 And murder and plunder ding dong;  
 Sure I have the Truth, says *Nymphs*,  
 Nay, I have the Truth, says *Clem*,  
 Nay, I have the Truth, says reverend *Ruth*,  
 Nay, I have the Truth, says *Nem*.

Well, let the Truth be whole it will,  
 There is something else in ours;  
 Yet this Devotion in our Religions  
 May chance to abate our Powers:



Then let's agree on some new way,  
 It skills not much how true,  
 Take? ——— and his Club; or *Smee* and his Tub  
 Or any Sect, old or new;  
 The Devil is in the pack, if choice you can lack,  
 We are fourscore Religions strong;  
 Then take your Choice, the major Voice  
 Shall carry it right or wrong;  
 Then let's have King *Charles*, says *George*,  
 Nay, we'll have his Son, says *Hugh*;  
 Nay, then let's have none, says gabbering *Jone*,  
 Nay, we'll be all Kings, says *Prue*.

Nay, but Neighbours and Friends, one Word more,  
 There's something else behind,  
 And wise though you be, you do not well see  
 In which Door fits the Wind;  
 And for Religion, to speak Truth;  
 And in both Houses Sense,  
 The matter is all one, if any or none,  
 If it were not for the Pretence;  
 Now here doth lurk the Key of the Work,  
 And how to dispose of the Crown  
 Dexterously, and as it may be  
 For your Behalf and our own:  
 Then we'll be of this, says *Meg*,  
 Nay, we'll be of this, says *Tib*;  
 Come, we'll be of all, says piteiful *Paul*,  
 Nay, we'll be of none, says *Gib*.

Oh

Oh we shall have, if we go on  
 In Plunder, Excise, and Blood ;  
 But few Folks, and Poor, to domineer o're,  
 And that will not be good ;  
 Then let's agree on some new Way,  
 Some new and happy Course,  
 The Country is grown sad, the City is Horn mad,  
 And both the Houses are worse ;  
 The Synod hath Writ, the General hath Shit,  
 And both to like Purpose, for  
 Religion, Laws, the Truth, and the Cause  
 We talk on, but nothing we do ;  
 Come, then let's have Peace, says *Nel*,  
 No, no, but we won't says *Meg*,  
 But I say we will, says fiery Face *Phil*,  
 We will, and we won't, says *Hodge*.

Thus from the Rout who can expect  
 Ought but Confusion,  
 Since the Unity with good Monarchy  
 Begin and end in one ?  
 If then, when all is thought their own,  
 And lies at their Belief,  
 These popular Pates, reap nought but Debates  
 From these many roundheaded Beasts ;  
 Come Royalists then, do you play the Men,  
 And Cavaliers give the Word,  
 And now let's see, what you will be,  
 And whether you can accord ;

A health to King *Charles*, says *Tom*,  
 Up with it, says *Ralph*, like a Man ;  
 God blefs him, says *Doll*, and raise him, says *Moll*,  
 And fend him his own, says *Nan*.

But now for these prudent Wights,  
 That sit without end, and to none,  
 And their Committees, in Towns and Cities  
 Fill with Confusion ;  
 For the bold Troops of Sectaries,  
 The *Scots*, and their Partakers,  
 Our new British States, Col. *Burges* and his Mates,  
 The Covenant and its Makers :  
 For all these will pray, and in such a way,  
 That if it might granted be,  
 Both *Jack* and *Gill*, and *Moll* and *Will*,  
 And all the World will agree :  
 Else Pox take them all, says *Bess*,  
 And a Plague too, says *Mary*,  
 The Devil, says *Dick*, and his Dam too, says *Nick*,  
 Amen, and Amen say we.







## LXVIII.

*Upon the Cavaliers departing out of  
London.*

I.

**N**OW fare thee well *London*,  
Thou next must be undone,  
'Cause thou hast undone us before;  
This *Cause* and this *Tyrant*,  
Had ne'er play'd this high Rant,  
Were't not for thy *Argent* and *Or*.

2.

Now we must desert thee,  
With the *Lines* that begirt thee,  
And the *Red-coated Saints* domineer;  
Who with *Liberty* fool thee,  
While a *Monster* doth rule thee,  
And thou feel'st what thou didst fear.

3.

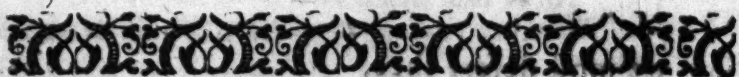
Now *Justice* and *Freedom*,  
With the *Laws* that did breed 'um,  
Are sent to *Jamaica* for *Gold*;  
And those that upheld 'um,  
Have power but seldom,  
For *Justice* is barter'd and sold.

I 6.

4. Now

4.  
 Now the Christian Religion  
 Must seek a new Region,  
 And the old *Saints* give way to the new;  
 And we that are Loyal,  
 Vail to those that destroy all,  
 When the Christian gives place to the Jew.

5.  
 But this is our Glory  
 In this wretched Story,  
 Calamities fall on the best;  
 And those that destroy us  
 Do better employ us,  
 To sing till they are suppress.



LXIX.

On Colonel Pride. *supra* 221

I.

OF Gyants and Knights, and their wonderful  
 Fights,

We have Stories enough in *Romances*,  
 But I'll tell you one new, that is *strange* and yet  
 true,

Though r'other are nothing but Fancies.

2. A

2.

A Knight lately made, of the governing Trade,  
Whose Name he'll not have to be known;  
Has been trucking with Fame, to purchase a Name,  
For 'tis said he had none of his own.

3.

He by Fortunes Design, should have been a Divine,  
And a Pillar no doubt of the Church:  
Whom a Sexton (God wot) in the Bellfrey begot,  
And his Mother did pig in the Porch.

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned Hog-feed-  
ing,  
With which he so long did converse;  
That his Manners and Feature, was so like their  
Nature,  
You'll scarce know his Sweetness, from theirs.

5.

But observe the Device, of this Nobleman's rise,  
How he hurried from Trade to Trade;  
From the Grains he'd aspire, to the Yest, and then  
Higher,  
Till at length he a Drayman was made.

6. Then



6.

Then his *Dray-Horse* and *He*, in the *Streets* we did  
 see,  
 With his *Hanger*, and *Sling*, and his *Facket*;  
 Long time he did *Watch*, to meet with his *Match*,  
 For he'd ever a mind to the *Placket*.

7.

At length he did find out a *Trull* to his *Mind*,  
 And *Ursula* was her *Name*;  
*Oh Ursly* quoth *he*, and *oh Tom* then quoth *she*,  
 And so they began their *Game*.

8.

But as soon as they met, *O* such *Babes* they did  
 get,  
 And *Blood Royal* in 'em did place;  
 From a *Swineheard* they came, a *She-Bear* was their  
*Dam*,  
 They were suckled as *Romulus* was.

9.

At last when the *Rout*, with their *Head* did fall  
 out,  
 And the *Wars* thereupon did fall in;  
 He went to the *Field*, with a *Sword*, but no *Shield*,  
 Strong *Drink* was his *Buckler* within.

10. But.

10.

But when he did spy, how they dropt down and die,

And did hear the Bullets to sing;

His Arms he flung down, and ran fairly to Town,  
And exchanged his Sword for his Sling.

11.

Yet he claimed his Share, in such Honours as were

Belonging to nobler Spirits;

That ventur'd their Lives, while this Buffoon survives,

To receive the Reward of their Merits.

12.

When the Wars were all done, he his fighting begun,

And would needs shew his Valour in Peace,

Then his Fury he flings, at poor conquer'd Things,

And frets like a Hog in his Grease.

13.

For his first Fear of all, on a Wit he did fall,

A Wit as some say, and some not,

Because he'd an Art, to Rhime on the Quart,

But never did care for the Pot.

14. And

14.

And next on the *Cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,  
 Took them and their *Masters* together ;  
 But the *Combs* and the *Spurs*, kept himself and his  
*Sirs*,  
 Who are to have both or neither.

15.

The cause of his spite, was because they would  
*fight*,  
 And because he durst not, he did take on ;  
 And said they were fit, for the *Pot*, not the *Spit*,  
 And would serve to be eaten with *Bacon*.

16.

But flesh'd with these *Spoils*, the next of his *Toils*,  
 Was to fall with Wild-beasts by the *Ears*,  
 To the *Bearward* he goeth, and then, opened his  
*Mouth*,  
 And said, *Oh ! are you there with your Bears ?*

17.

Our Stories are dull, of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,  
 But such was his Valour and Care ;  
 Since he bears the *Bell*, the *Tales* that we tell  
 Must be of a *Cock* and a *Bear*.

18.

The Crime of the *Bears*, was, they were *Cavaliers*,  
 And had formerly fought for the *King* ;  
 And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the *Roundheaded Currs*,  
 That they made their *Ears* to ring.

19. Our



Our Successor of Kings, like blind Fortune flings  
Upon him both Honour and Store ;  
Who has as much Right, to make *Tom* a Knight,  
As *Tom* has desert, and no more.

20.

But Fortune that Whore, still attended this Brother,  
And did all his *Attainments* reward ;  
And blindly did fling, on this lubberly Thing,  
More Honour, and made him a Lord.

21.

Now he walks with his Spurs, and a couple of Curs  
At his heels, which he calls *Squires* ;  
So when Honour is thrown, on the Head of a Clown,  
'Tis by Parasites held up and Lyars.

22.

The rest of his Pranks, will merit new Thanks,  
With his Death, if we did but know it ;  
But we'll leave him and it, to a Time and Place fir,  
And *Greg* shall be Funeral Poet.





## LXX.

*Upon the General Pardon past by the  
RUMP, 1653.*

**R** Ejoice, rejoice, ye *Cavaliers*,  
For here comes that expels your Fears;  
A General Pardon is now past,  
What was long look'd for, comes at last.

It Pardons all that are undone;  
The Pope ne're granted such a one:  
So long, so large, so full, so free;  
O what a gracious State have we!

Yet do not joy too much (my Friends)  
First see how well this Pardon ends;  
For though it hath a glorious Face,  
I fear there's in't but little Grace.

'Tis said the Mountains once brought forth,  
And what brought they? a Mouse introth;  
Our States have done the like, I doubt,  
In this their Pardon now set out.

We'll look it o'er, then if you please,  
And see wherein it brings us ease;  
And first, it Pardons Words I find  
Against our State, Words are but Wind.

Hath

Hath any pray'd for th' King of late?  
 And wish'd Confusion to our State?  
 And call'd them Rebels? he come in  
 And plead this Pardon for that Sin.

Hath any call'd King *Charles* that's Dead  
 A Martyr? He that lost his Head?  
 And Villains those that did the Fact?  
 That Man is Pardon'd by this Act.

Hath any said our Parliament  
 Is such a one as God ne're sent?  
 Or hath he Writ, or put in Print  
 That he believes the Devil's in't?

Or hath he said there never were  
 Such *Tyrants* any where as here?  
 Though this Offence of his be high,  
 He's pardon'd for his Blasphemy.

You see how large this Pardon is,  
 It Pardons all our *Mercuries*,  
 And *Poets* too, for you know they  
 Are Poor, and have not ought to pay.

For where there's Money to be got,  
 I find this Pardon, pardons not;  
 Malignants that were Rich before,  
 Shall not be pardon'd till they're Poor.

Hath



Hath any one been true to th' Crown,  
And for that paid his Money down;  
By this new A& he shall be free,  
And pardon'd for his Loyalty.

Who have their Lands confiscate quite,  
For not compounding when they might;  
If that they know not how to dig,  
This Pardon gives them leave to beg.

Before this A& came out in Print,  
We thought there had been comfort in't;  
We drank some Healths to th' higher Powers,  
But now we 've seen't they'd need drink ours.

For by this A& it is thought fit  
That no Man shall have Benefit,  
Unless he first engage to be  
A Rebel to Eternity.

Thus in this Pardon it is clear,  
That Nothing's here, and Nothing's there;  
I think our States do mean to choke us  
With this new A& of *Hocus Pocus*.

Well, since this A&'s not worth a Pin,  
We'll pray our States to call it in,  
For most Men think it ought to be  
Burnt by the Hand of Gregory.

Thes

*The Hangman*

Then to conclude, here's little Joy  
For those that pray *Vive le Roy*;  
But since they'll not forget our Crimes,  
We'll keep our Mirth till better Times.



LXXI.

*Upon Olivers dissolving the Parliament  
in 1653.*

W I L L you hear a strange Thing scarce heard,  
A Ballad of News without any Lies;  
The Parliament Men are turn'd out of Doors;  
And so are the Council of State likewise.

Brave *Oliver* came to the House like a Spright,  
His fiery Looks struck the Speaker dambly,  
You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this Light,  
Do you mean to sit here till Dooms-day come?

With that the Speaker look Pale for Fear, (rid  
As though he had been with the Night-mare  
Insomuch that some did think that were there,  
That he had even done as the Alderman did.

4. But

4.

But *Oliver* though he be Doctor of Law,  
 Yet he seem'd to play the Physician there;  
 His Physick so wrought on the Speaker's Maw,  
 That he gave him a Stool instead of a Chair.

5.

*Harry Martin* wond'red to see such a Thing,  
 Done by a Saint of such Degree;  
 'Twas an Act he did not expect from a King,  
 Much less from such a dry Bone as he.

6.

But *Oliver* laid his Hand on his Sword,  
 And upbraided him with his Adultery;  
 To which *Harry* answer'd never a Word,  
 Saving, humbly thanking his Majesty.

7.

*Allen* the Coppersmith was in great Fear,  
 He did as much harm since the Wars began;  
 A broken Citizen many a Year,  
 And now he's a broken Parliament-man.

8.

*Bradshaw* that President proud as the Pope,  
 That loves upon Kings and Princes to trample;  
 Now the House is dissolv'd I cannot but Hope,  
 To see such a President made an Example.

9. And



9.

And were I one of the Council of War,  
 I'll tell you what my Vote should be;  
 Upon his own Turret at *Westminster*,  
 To be hanged up for all Comers to see.

10.

My Masters I wonder you could not agree,  
 You that have been so long Brethren in Evil;  
 A Dissolution you might think there would be,  
 When the Devil's divided against the Devil.

11.

Then room for the Speaker without his Mace,  
 And room for the rest of the Rabble-ront;  
 My Masters methinks 'tis a pittiful Case,  
 Like the Snuff of a Candle thus to go out.

12.

Now some like this Change, and some like it not,  
 Some think it was not done in due Season;  
 Some think it was but a *Jesuit's* Plot, (Treason,  
 To blow up the House like a Gun-powder.

13.

Some think that *Oliver* and *Charles* are agreed,  
 And sure it were good Policy if it were so;  
 Lest the *Hollander*, *French*, the *Dane*, and the *Swede*,  
 Should bring him in whether he would or no.

14. And

14.

And now I would gladly conclude my Song,  
 With a Prayer as Ballads are used to do,  
 But yet I'll forbear, for I think er't be long,  
 We shall have a King and a Parliament too.



LXXII.

*Admiral Dean's Funeral.*

1.

**N**ICK Culpepper, and William Lilly,  
 Though you were pleas'd to say they were  
 silly,  
 Yet something these prophecy'd true, I tell ye,  
*Which no body can deny.*

2.

In the Month of *May*, I tell you truly,  
 Which neither was in *June* nor *July*,  
 The *Dutch* began to be unruly,  
*Which no body can deny.*

3.

Betwixt our *England* and their *Holland*,  
 Which neither was in *France* nor *Poland*,  
 But on the *Sea*, where there was no *Land*,

*Which no body can deny.*

4. There

4.

There join'd the *Dutch*, and the *English* Fleet,  
Our Author's Opinion then they did meet,  
Some saw't that never more shall see't,

*Which no body can deny.*

5.

There were many Men's Hearts as heavy as Lead,  
Yet would not believe *Dick Dean* to be Dead,  
Till they saw his Body take leave of his Head,

*Which no body can deny.*

6.

Then after the sad Departure of him,  
There was many a Man lost a Leg or a Limb,  
And many were drown'd, 'cause they could not swim,

*Which no body can deny.*

7.

One cries, lend me thy Hand good Friend,  
Although he knew it was to no end,  
I think, quoth he, I am going to the Fiend,

*Which no body can deny.*

8.

Some, 'twas reported, were kill'd with a Gun,  
And some stood, that knew not whether to run,  
There was old taking leave of Father and Son,

*Which no body can deny.*

K

9. There's



9.

There's a Rumour also, if we may believe,  
 We have many gay Widows now given to grieve,  
 Cause unmannerly Husbands ne'er came to take  
 leave, *Which no body can deny.*

10.

The Ditty is sad of our *Dean* to Sing;  
 To say Truth, it was a pittiful Thing  
 To take off his Head, and not leave him a Ring,  
*Which no body can deny.*

11.

From *Greenwich*, towards the *Bear* at *Bridge-foot*,  
 He was wafted with Wind that had Water to't,  
 But I think they brought the Devil to boot,  
*Which no body can deny.*

12.

The Heads on *London-Bridge* upon Poles,  
 That once had Bodies, and honefter Souls  
 Then hath the Master of the Rolls,  
*Which no body can deny.*

13.

They grieved for this great Man of Command,  
 Yet would not his Head amongst theirs should  
 stand;  
 He dy'd on the Water, and they on the Land,  
*Which no body can deny.*

14. I

14.

I cannot say, they look'd wisely upon him,  
Because People cursed that Parcel was on him;  
He has fed Fish and Worms, if they do not wrong  
him, *Which no body can deny.*

15.

The Old-Swan as he passed by, (and die;  
Said, She would sing him a Dirge, and lie down  
Wilt thou sing to a bit of a Body, quoth I?  
*Which no body can deny.*

16.

The Globe on the Bank, I mean, on the Ferry,  
Where Gentle and Simple might come and be  
merry,  
Admired at the change from a Ship to a Wherry,  
*Which no body can deny.*

17.

Tom Godfrey's Bears began for to Roar,  
Hearing such Moans one side of the Shore,  
They knew they should never see Dean any more,  
*Which no body can deny.*

18.

Queen-hythe, Paul's-Wharf, and the Fryars also,  
Where now the Players have little to do,  
Let him pass without any Tokens of Woe,  
*Which no body can deny.*

19.

Quoth th' Students o'th' Temple, I know not  
their Names,

Looking out of their Chambers into the Thames,  
The Barge fits him better, than did the great  
*James.* *Which no body can deny.*

20.

*Essex* House, late call'd Cuckold's-Hall,  
The Folk in the Garden staring over the Wall,  
Said, they knew that once *Pride* would have a Fall,  
*Which no body can deny.*

21.

At *Strand-Gate*, a little farther then,  
Where mighty Guns numbred to sixty and ten,  
Which neither hurt Children, Women nor Men,  
*Which no body can deny.*

22.

They were Shot over times, one, two, three, or four,  
'Tis thought one might h'heard the bounce to th'  
Tower,  
Folk report, the din made the Butter-milk sower,  
*Which no body can deny.*

23.

Had old Goodman *Lenthall* or *Allen* but heard 'um,  
The Noise, worse than *Oliver's* Voice, would have  
fear'd 'um,  
And out of their small Wits would have scar'd 'um,  
*Which no body can deny.*

24. So



24.

*Somerset House*, where once did the *Queen* lie;  
 And afterwards *Ireton* in Black, and not Green, by,  
 The Canon clatter'd the Windows really,  
*Which no body can deny.*

25.

The *Savoy's* mortified spittled Crew,  
 If I lye, as *Falstaffe* says, I am a Jew, (spew,  
 Gave the Hearse such a Look, it would make a Man  
*Which no body can deny.*

26.

The House of *S*— that Fool and Knave, *Salisbury*  
 Had so much Wit left, Lamentation to save (Grave, *Strap*  
 From accompanying a traitorly Rogue to his  
*Which no body can deny.*

27.

The *Exchange*, and the Ruins of *Durham House* eke *Adelphi*  
 With'd such Sights might be seen each Day i'th' *Builder*  
 A General's Carcase without a Cheek, (Week,  
*Which no body can deny.*

28.

The House that lately *Great Buckingham* was, *York*  
 Which now *Sir Thomas Fairfax* has, *Builder*  
 With'd it might be *Sir Thomas's* Fate so to pass,  
*Which no body can deny.*

K 3

29. He-

29.

*Howard's House, Suffolk's great Duke of Yore,*  
 Sent him one single sad Wish, and no more,  
 He might float by *Whitehall* in Purple Gore,  
*Which no body can deny.*

30.

Something I should of *Whitehall* say,  
 But the Story is so sad, and so bad, by my say  
 That it turns my Wits another way,  
*Which no body can deny.*

31.

To *Westminster*, to the Bridge of the Kings,  
 The Water, the Barge, and the Barge-men brings  
 The small Remain of the worst of Things,  
*Which no body can deny.*

32.

They Interr'd him in Triumph, like *Lewis* the  
 In the famous Chapel of *Henry* the seven, eleven,  
 But his Soul is scarce gone the right way to Hea-  
 ven,  
*Which no body can deny.*



## LXXIII.

*The merry Goodfellow.*

**W**H Y should we not laugh and be jolly?  
 Since all the World now is grown Mad,  
 And lull'd in a dull Melancholy;  
 He that wallows in Store  
 Is still gaping for more,  
 And that makes him as Poor,  
 As the Wretch that never any thing had.  
 How Mad is that damn'd Money-monger?  
 That to purchase to him and his Heirs,  
 Grows shrivl'd with Thirst and Hunger;  
 While we that are Bonny,  
 Buy Sack with Ready-Money,  
 And ne'er trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.  
 Those Guts, that by scraping and toiling,  
 Do swell their Revenues so fast,  
 Get nothing by all their turmoiling,  
 But are marks of each Tax,  
 While they load their own Backs  
 With the heavier Packs,  
 And lie down gall'd and weary at last.



While we that do Traffick in Tipple,  
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,  
Whose Jaws are so Hungry and Gripple;  
We ne'er trouble our Heads  
With Indentures or Deeds,  
And our Wills are compos'd in a Word.

Our Money shall never indite us,  
Nor drag us to *Goldsmith's-Hall*;  
No Pyrates nor Wrecks can affright us;  
We, that have no Estates,  
Fear no Plunder nor Rates,  
We can sleep with open Gates,  
He that lies on the Ground cannot Fall.

We laugh at those Fools whose endeavours  
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,  
When we that spend all are the Savers;  
For if Thieves do break in,  
They go out empty agen,  
Nay, the Plunderers loose their Designs.

Then let us not think on to Morrow,  
But Tipple and Laugh while we may,  
To wash from our Hearts all Sorrow;  
Those Cormorants which  
Are troubled with an Itch,  
To be Mighty and Rich,  
Do but toil for the Wealth which they borrow.

The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,  
 What a Pox is he better than we?  
 He must vail to the Man with the Buff on;  
 Though he Custard may Ear,  
 And such lubbardly Mear,  
 Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.



## LXXIV.

*The Rebel's Reign.*

**N**OW we are met in a Knot, let's take t'other  
 Pot,

And chirp o're a cup of Nectar;  
 Let's think on a Charm, to keep us from Harm,  
 From the Fiend, and the new Protector.

Heretofore at a brunt, a Cross would have don't,  
 But now they have taken Courses,  
 With their Laws and their Theft, there's not a  
 Cross left

In the Church nor the Farmers Purse.

They're with you to bring, for stuffing at a King,  
 For now you must make no Dainty;  
 To have your Nose ground, on a Stone turned  
 round

By Noll, and one and twenty.

But our Rights are kept for us, in *Oliver's* Store-house,

'Twere as good they were set in the Stocks:

They are just in the Pickle, in the thirtieth Article,  
Like *Jack* in a *Juglers Box*.

We are loath for to look, for the Saints in a Book,

But would not a Man be vex'd,  
To see them so rough, with their Blades and their Buff,

But not a word on't in the Text.

We have been twelve Years together by the Ears

To prepare for a spiritual Reign:

Men were never so spic'd, with the Scepter of  
Christ

In the Hands of a Saint in Grain.

'Twas brewed in their Hives by Citizens Wives,

Who ventur'd their Husbands far;

With *Robin* the Fool, there was ne'er such a Tool,  
To lead in the Womens War.

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,

So they sought out another more able:

Then *Fairfax* undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the Stakes,

And sends away *Fax* with a bauble.

Will,



*Will*, Conqueror the second, without his Host reckon'd,

And so did *B* — billet his Mate;

They made a great Noise, 'mongst Women and

But now they are both out of Date, (Boys,

Cowardly *W* — had but a foul Fortune,

And wanted a Knife to scrape it,

When his Orophice ran; there was no mortal Man,

But *omnibus horis sapit*.

*Bradshaw*, the Knave, sent the King to his Grave,

And on the Blood Royal did trample,

For which the next *Lent*, he was made President.

And 'ere long may be made an Example.

*Derisslaus* did Steer, to *Hans mine-beer*,

And Askew to *Don* at *Madrid*;

'Ere a Man could have scratch'd, they were both dispatch'd,

Yet there they lie Leger still.

*Martin* and *St. John*'s, and more with a Vengeance,

Had each a Finger i'th' Pye:

Some for the Money, and some for the Conney,

And some for they knew not why.

The Parliament sate, as snug as a Cat,

And were playing for mine and yours:

Sweep-stakes was their Game, till *Oliver* came,

And turn'd it to Knave out of Doors.

Then a new one was cast, and made up in haste,  
 But alas they could do no more  
 Than empty our Purse, and empty us worse  
 Than e're we were marred before.

But in a good Hour, they gave up their Power,  
 To one that was wiser than they;  
 By common consent, 'twas the first Parliament  
 That ever was *felo de se*.

After all this Jeer, we are never the near,  
 There sits one at the Helm commanding;  
 One that doth us nick, with a Trick for our Trick,  
 And the Stone in our Foot notwithstanding.

He'll not relax, one groat of the Tax,  
 Though it come to more than he need;  
 He may keep it in Store, till his Need be more,  
 'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought  
 The Realm to the Manner he it meant;  
 The Fishes, and the Fowl, and the Devil and all,  
 And the monthly pay his high Rent.

All this we must bear, but 'twould make a Man  
 swear

When they call us a Reformed Nation:  
 It can never sink into my Head for to think  
 That this is a Reformation.

'Tis

'Tis the Man in the Moon, or the Devil as soon,  
Our Laws are asleep upon Shelves:  
Our Charter and Freedom, we may bid God speed  
'Tis well we can beg for our selves. (um,

Since *Nel* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,  
Not a Horse or an Ox to plough Land,  
Let *Oliver* pass, come fill up my Glass,  
And here's a good Health to *Rowland*.

\*\*\*\*\*

LXXV.

*The Resolve.*

THERE's no Man so worthy of Envy as he,  
Drinks Sack, and is free,  
Can draw down his Mind to his present Con-  
And at that ebb, can (dition;  
Shew himself a better Man,  
Than his Enemy at his full Tide of Ambition:  
Has a Breast so well mann'd, he fears not the thunder  
Of those Bastards of Fame,  
That have got a Name  
By Rapine and Plunder;  
But bravely despiseth,  
The *Mock-Sun* that riseth:  
He that's quiet within, what need he to care,  
Though not worth a Groat, h'as the whole World  
to spare. He's;



He's arm'd 'gainst the Chances and Changes of  
State,

And still meets his Fate,

With a conquering Cup of the stoutest Canary,  
Drinks Healths to the best,

And he Wrestles with the rest,

Yet never is foil'd, 'less his Liquor miscarry;

His Thoughts are more soft than the Bed that he  
lies on;

Who puts his cares to flight,

A Prince is o're Night,

And next Morn doth rise one;

Let th' Fates do what they will,

He's the self-same Man still;

Scepters have Palfies, and Crowns-too, are shak-  
ing;

Who soundly doth sleep, need not keep others  
waking.

Then give us the Sack, let the *Hen-hearted Cit*,

Drink *Whew*, and submit,

His *Cucumber* Courage does ne'er well till beaten;

He, *Camel-like*, kneels,

And his Burthen ne'er feels,

Till his Back become gall'd, and his Carcase  
near eaten:

Has a Spirit so poor, that ev'ry Fool rides him ;  
 He's Soul-less, alone,  
 At best, but a drone,  
 And no Man abides him ;  
 He's a compact of Clay,  
 That will yield any way ;  
 'Tis Sack and good Company sers the Soul free,  
 Like the Musick of that there's no Harmony.



LXXVI.  
 Upon Cromwell's pulling out the Long  
 Parliament. 1653.

**The ALLIGORY.**

AS *Plutarch* doth write, (a Man of known  
 Credit)

A *Serpent* there was had a mutinous *Tail* ;  
 Rebell'd 'gainst the *Head*, that so oft had fed it,  
 And would not permit it to lead, or prevail.  
 Is't not fit that by turns we Leaders should be  
 Quoth the *Tail* ? follow me, as I've follow'd thee.

2. Now,

Now, the *Body* being grown too strong for the  
*Head*,

Quoth the *Head*, if it must be, then let it be so ;  
For Quietness sake I yield to be lead,

But fear that from hence some Mischief will  
grow ;

A thing so unnatural never was read,  
As the *Head* to turn *Tail*, and the *Tail* to turn  
*Head*.

## 3.

A Monster like this, but of stranger Conditions,  
Engender'd there was in the Year *thirty-nine* ;  
Rebell'd 'gainst the *Head*, but with fawning *Peti-*  
*tions*,

To have him his Pow'r and his Right to resign ;  
This Monster (the truth on't to speak) was begot,  
By a mongrel *Parson*, and that hag the *Scot*.

## 4.

So large and so mighty this *Tail* grew in length,  
That where e're it came, it swept all before it ;  
There was no resisting so pow'rful a Strength,  
The *Head* at the last was forc'd to implore it :  
All our Castles and Towns this *Tail* did subdue,  
A sad Tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

3. Above



## 5.

Above seven Years conflict this *Head* did endure,  
 With that monstrous *Tail* and the spawn it be-  
 got ;  
 During which Time no Man's Life was secure,  
 Our Goods and our Cattle all went to the Pot :  
 At last came a Champion with an Iron flail,  
 And ended the Strife 'twixt the *Head*, and the *Tail*.

## 6.

The *Head* being departed the *Body* began  
 To consult with the *Tail* what was best to do ;  
 St. George (quoth the *Body*) 'tis said was a Man,  
 But what can this 'Thing be, is called St. Q.  
 Why he (quoth the *Tail*) was one of our Ront,  
 And 'tis wonderous strange he should turn *Tail* a-  
 bout.

## 7.

While thus they did argue in rusht our St. Q.  
 With Courage more keen then the Sword that  
 he wore ;  
 Quoth he, ye are vile Things, not fit here to grow,  
 Such Fiends ne'er was known in this place here-  
 tofore,  
 The Wealth and the Fat of the Country doth feed  
 you,  
 And now I do guess it is high time to bleed you.

## 8. Some

.8.

Some say that this *Tail* wore the mark of a *P*,  
*O*, is a Letter in Rank known before it;  
 How e're 't makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,  
 Save this, that I'm sure the *O* had the more wit;  
 There's no Man so blind, but may easily see  
 He hath added unto his small *O*, a tall *P*.

.9.

My Story now ended come *viva St. George*,  
 That old true blew Lad, and hospitable Saint,  
 Bring a Butt of good Sack to fill up my Gorge,  
 At this Tale of *Head*, and *Tail* I almost faint;  
 How e're let it pass; if you study upon't,  
 I hope you will neither make *Head* or *Tail* on't.

\*\*\*\*\*

## LXXVII.

*The Advice.*

**N**E're trouble thy self at the Times nor thy  
 Turnings,  
 Afflictions run circular, and wheel about;  
 Away with these Murmurings, and these Heart-  
 burnings,

With the Juice of the Grape we'll quench the  
 Fire out;  
 Ne'er chain, nor imprison thy Soul up in Sorrow,  
 What fails us to Day, may befriend us to Morrow,  
 We'll scorn our Content from others to borrow.

2. Though

Though Fortune hath left us we'll strive to regain  
her,

And court her with Cups till her Favourite  
come,

Then with a Courage untam'd we'll maintain her,

And silence the Noise of the Enemy's Drum ;

We'll link her unto the Man most deserving,

Shall keep her at work, as well as from starving,

She shall not hereafter be at her own carving.

I hold him a Novice in human Affairs,

Thinks whirlings in State a wond'rous Thing,

To daub up old Ruins with dirty Repairs,

And instead of a Scepter, to set up a Sling.

Such Atoms of Greatness are but Fortune's  
Laughter,

She fattens them up 'till they're fitt'd for  
Slaughter,

Then leaves them at Tyburn to Tittar and Tatter.





## LXXVIII.

*Sharers in the Government.*

## A MEDLEY.

## To eight several Tunes.

**S**OME say the World is but a Cheat,  
Troth we see't  
For the Feet

Still rebell against the Head,  
When Antipodian Rulers sway,  
Who'll obey?

Thus some say,  
Shall we not his own Steps tread?

Pray were we not in the late Quarrel,  
All pickl'd up in the same Barrel?

Then, why that? or why this?  
Our Hearts are as great as his.

Here is One that claims a share  
In the Scepter, and the Chair,  
Though he cries Religion down;  
He's Ambitious for a Crown,  
Fain he'd have his Head to shine  
Where his Father hangs his Sign;  
So he should, had I the Power  
In the twinkling of an Hour  
I, of his Disease would cure him.

*Harrison.*

What

What think you of the Man, of War, *Blake.*  
 Whose Muzzle is the Sea-mans Star?  
 He's arm'd within, and wall'd without  
 To give the Rout, if that we dare;  
 But faith the *Dutch* will hem him in,  
 And make him either sink or swim;  
 This is the News brought Mr. *Pym*,  
 To which he lent scarce half an Ear.

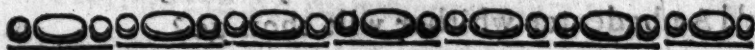
There is one and a sly one,  
 In *Scotland*, lurks to quarrel with the *Lyon*,  
 He is your coming Man, Sir,  
 Will lead the Van, Sir, *Pick out the mean-*  
 Upon the least Commotion; *ing if you can.*  
 He wears a Coat with double Colours faced,  
 On one side whereof the States is gravely placed,  
 But on the other the Cavies rudely raced;  
 Hold Ambodexter whither wilt thou go?

Then comes a stout Hearr, *Lambert.*  
 A Man very pert,  
 Reaking with Revenge, for Disgrace;  
 He swore he was true  
 To give the Devil his due,  
 And as firm as the Nose on his Face.

Another puts in *Ludlow.*  
 To be a States pin,  
 Good reason it should be so;  
 He can circumvent  
 A Parliament;  
 Then why not our *Oliver* O? *Some*

Some talk this, and some talk that, (what,  
Some talk of new Wars, and some they know not  
But well fare the Cavalier, for at a bare Word,  
He's scarce left either Tongue or Sword.

Then turbulent-spirited Jack bring *John Lin*  
up the Reer,  
For thou hast a Spleen far keener  
than any one here ;  
Thou spurn'st at Authority, art Ambition's Minion,  
And boil'd like thy Soap to advance a new-fangled  
Opinion ;  
Promotion's thy drift, to rule doth make thy  
Wits roam,  
But a Gibbet 'tis thought will stand betwixt thee  
and home.



## LXXIX.

*Upon Cromwell's refusing the Kingly Power.*

**H**OW poor is his Spirit ? how loss is his Name,  
Deceiveth Opinion, and Curtails his Fame ?

When as his Designs come near to their height,  
'Twixt shall I and shall I, suspect their own  
weight,

He has traffick'd for Honour, but lost the  
whole Freight :



He that's stout in the Front, nor so in the Rear;  
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is cow'd out by Fear.

2.

A small part of Honour to him doth belong,  
Consults not the Glory, but faints in the Throng;  
That dares not embrace what his own Soul  
doth Vote,

But yields up our Liberties to a Red-coat;  
Sure Midsummer's near, and some Men doth  
dote:

I like the bold *Romans*, (whose Fame ever rings)  
That kept in Subjection such piteous Things.

He that will be Bug-bear'd, is turn'd again Child,  
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to Weild;

Examine the Story, no Story you'll find,  
Saying the Story, *that Kat will to kind*, (blind)  
The World is deluded, the Common-wealth  
These false stamps of Honour prove but Copper-  
Mettle,

And Fame sounds as loud from a Tinker's old  
Kettle.

4.

He that past has the Pikes, and found Canon-free,  
Which shews that no Curse from his Parents  
could be,

Had

Had a Soul so devout, it made killing a Trade;  
 And now to retreat at the scent of a Blade,  
 Doth shew of what Mold our *Knight-Errant*  
 was made;  
 He that flags in his Flight, when's Ambition  
 sores high,  
 Doth stab his own Merit, and gives Fame the Lye.

Then *Cicero*-like, yea Gown-men drench Cares,  
 Ore-whelm'd with your Own, and your Coun-  
 try's Affairs;

And Pulpit-men too be as airy as we;  
 Do you but preach Sack up, we'll ne'er disagree;  
 That Common-wealth's best that is the most  
 free:  
 Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in  
 our Crown,

We can fancy a King up, or fancy Him down.



LXXX.



LXXX.

*The Encounter.*

A S O N G.

1.

**H**ANG the Presbyters Gill,  
Bring a Pint of Sack *Win*,  
More Orthodox of the two;  
Though a slender Dispute  
Will strike the Elfe mute,  
He's one of the honefter Crew.

2.

In a Pint there's small Heart,  
Sirrah, bring us a Quart,  
There's Substance and Vigour met,  
'Twill hold us in Play,  
Some part of the Day,  
But we'll suck him before Sun-set.

3.

The daring old Pottle  
Does now bid us Battle;  
Let's try what his Strength can do;  
Keep your Ranks and your Files,  
And for all his Wiles,  
We'll tumble him down Stairs too.

L

4. The



4.  
The Stout-breasted *Lumbard*,  
His Brains ne'er encumber'd  
With drinking of Gallons three;  
*Tricongius* was named,  
And by *Cesar* famed,  
Who dubbed him a Knight Cap-a-pe.

5.  
If then Honour be in't,  
Why a Pox should we stint  
Our selves of the Fullness it bears?  
H<sup>o</sup> has less Wit than an Ape  
In the Blood of the Grape,  
Will not plunge himself o're Head and Ears.

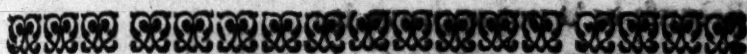
6.  
Then summon the Gallon,  
A stout Foe, and a tall One,  
And likely to hold us to'r;  
Keep Coin in your Purse,  
The Word is disburse,  
I'll warrant he falls at your Foot.

7.  
See, the bold Foe appears,  
May he fall that him Fears;  
Keep you but close Order, and then,  
We will give him the Rout,  
Be he never so stout,  
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

8. We'll

8.

We'll drain the whole Cellar,  
Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller;  
If the Wine does flow no faster;  
Will, when thou dost slack us,  
By Warrant from Bacchus,  
We'll Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.



LXXXI.

*The Good old Cause.*

NOW Lambert's sunk, and valiant *M<sup>onk</sup>*  
Does ape his General Cromwell,  
And Arthur's Court, 'cause time is short,  
Does rage like Devils from Hell;  
Let's mark the Fate and Course of State,  
Who rises when t'other is sinking,  
And believe when this is past  
'Twill be our turn at last  
To bring the Good old Cause by drinking.

First, red nos'd *Nol*, he swallowed all,  
His Colour shew'd he lov'd it;  
But *Dick* his Son, as he were none,  
Gav't off, and hath reprov'd it;

But that his Foes, made a Bridge of's Nose,  
 And cry'd him down for a Protector,  
 Proving him to be a Fool, that would undertake  
 And not drink and fight like a *Hector*. (to rule,

The *Grecian* Lad, he drank like Mad,  
 Minding no work above it;  
 And, *Sans question*, kill'd *Epheſion*,  
 Because he'd not approve it:  
 He got command, where God had land,  
 And like a *Mandlin* Yonker, (and ep't,  
 When he tipp'd all and wept, he laid him down  
 Having no more *Worlds* to conquer.

Rump-Parliament would needs invent  
 An Oath of Abjuration, (into fashion:  
 But Obedience and Allegiance are now come  
 Then here's a Bowl, with a Heart and Soul  
 To *Charles*, and let all say Amen to't,  
 Though they brought the Father down  
 From a triple Kingdom Crown,  
 We'll drink the Son up agen to't.







## LXXXII.

*The Protecting Brewer.**Tho! Pride**Sept. 180*

**A** Brewer may be a Burges's grave,  
 And carry the Matter so fine and so brave,  
 That he the better may play the Knave,  
*Which no body can deny.*

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,  
 For there the Knavery first began,  
 And Brew most cunning Plots he can,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may put on a Nabal Face,  
 And March to the Wars with such a grace,  
 That he may get a Captains Place,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may speak so wonderous well,  
 That he may raise strange things to tell,  
 And so to be made a Colonel,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may make his Foes to flee,  
 And raise his Fortunes, so that he  
 Lieutenant-General may be,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer he may be all in all,  
And raise his Powers both great and small,  
That he may be a Lord General,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,  
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,  
And give the wicked World a Rub,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer by's Excise and Rate,  
Will promise his Army he knows what,  
And set it upon the College-gate,

*Which no body, &c.*

Methinks I hear one say to me,  
Pray why may not a Brewer be,  
Lord-Chancellor o'th' University,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may be as bold as Hektor,  
When as he has drunk off his Cup of Nectar,  
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,

*Which no body, &c.*

Now here remains the strangest thing,  
How this Brewer about his Liquor did bring,  
To be an Emperour, or a King,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may do what he will,  
And rob the Church and State, to sell  
His Soul unto the Devil of Hell;

*Which no body can deny.*

\*\*\*\*\*

LXXXIII.

*The Power of the Sword.*

**L**AY by your Pleading, Law lies a Bleeding,  
Burn all your Studies down, and throw away  
your Reading;

Small Power the Word has, and can afford us  
Not half so many Privileges as the Sword has:  
It fosters your Masters, it plasters Disasters,  
And makes your Servants, quickly greater than  
their Masters;

It venters, it enters, it circles, it centers,  
And makes a Prentice free in spight of his In-  
dentures.

This takes off tall Things, and sets up small Things,  
This masters Money, though Money Masters all  
Things;

'Tis not in Season, to talk of Reason,  
Or call it Legal, when the Sword will have it  
Treason;



It conquers the Crown too, the Furrs and the  
Gown too,

This set up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him  
down too ;

This subtil Deceiver, turn'd Bonnet to Beaver,  
Down drops a Bishop, and up starts a Weaver.

This fits a Lay-man to Preach and pray Man,  
'Tis this can make a Lord of him that was a Dray-  
man ;

Forth from the dull Pit, of Follies full Pit,  
This brought an *Hebrew* Iron-monger to the  
Pulpit:

Such pittiful Things be, more happier than  
Kings be,

This got the Heraldry of *Thimblebee* and *Slings*;  
*bee* ;

No Gospel can guide it, no Law can decide it,  
In Church or State, until the Sword hath sancti-  
fy'd it.

Down goes the Law-tricks, for from that Matrix  
Sprung holy *Hewson's* Power, and tumbled down  
*St. Patrick's*.

The Sword prevails so highly in *Wales* too,  
*Shinkin ap Powel* cries, and swears Cuts-plutter a-  
nails too ;

In *Scotland* this Waster, did make such Disaster,  
They sent their Money back for which they sold  
their Master ;

It batter'd so their *Dunkirk*, and did so the *Dou-*  
firk,

That he is fled, and swears the Devil is in *Dun-*  
kirk.

He that can tower o'er him that is lower,  
Would be but thought a Fool to put away his  
Power;

Take Books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,  
When as the Sword replies, *Negatur argumentum* :  
Your grand College Butlers, must stoop to your  
Sutlers,

There's not a Library living like the Cutlers ;  
The Blood that is spilt, Sir, hath gain'd all the  
gilt, Sir,

Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the  
hilt, Sir.



## LXXXIV.

## Cromwell's Coronation.

**O** *Liver, Oliver*, take up thy Crown,  
For now thou hast made three Kingdoms  
thine own ;

Call thee a Conclave of thy own Creation,  
To ride us to Ruin, who dare thee oppose ;  
Whilst we thy good People are at thy Devotion,  
To fall down and worship thy terrible Nose.

To thee and thy Mermydons, *Oliver*, we,  
 Do render our Homage as fits thy degree ;  
 We'll pay the Excise and Taxes, God blefs us,  
 With Fear and Contrition, as Penitents should,  
 Whilst you, great Sir, vouchsafe to oppress us,  
 Not daring so much as in Private to scold.

We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee and thy  
 Sword,  
 For now thou hast made thy self *England's* sole Lord;  
 By Mandate of Scripture, and Heavenly Warrant,  
 The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too ;  
 To *Charles* and his Kingdoms thou art Heir ap-  
 parent,  
 And born to rule over the *Turk* and the *Jew*.

Then *Oliver*, *Oliver*, get up and ride, (side;  
 Whilst Lords, Knights, and Gentry do run by thy  
 The Malsters and Brewers account it their Glory,  
 Great God of the Grain-Tub's compar'd to thee:  
 All Rebels of Old are lost in their Story,  
 Till thou plodd'st along to the *Paddington-Tree*.







LXXXV.

*The BREWER. Col. Pride*

To the Tune of, *The Blacksmith:*

**T** Here many a clinching Verse is made  
In Honour of the Black-smith's Trade,  
But more of the *Brewer* may be said,  
*Which no body can deny.*

I need not much of this repeat,  
The *Black-smith* cannot be compleat,  
Unless the *Brewer* do give him a Heat,  
*Which no body can deny.*

When *Smug* unto the forge doth come,  
Unless the *Brewer* doth Liquor him home,  
He'll never strike thy Pot and my Pot Tom,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Of all Professions in the Town,  
The *Brewers* Trade hath gain'd renown,  
His Liquor reacheth up to the Crown,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Many new Lords from him there did Spring,  
Of all the Trades he still was their King,  
For the *Brewer* had the World in a sling,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He scorneth all Laws and Martrial stops,  
 But whips an Army as round as Tops,  
 And cuts off his Foes as thick as Hops,

*Which no body can deny.*

He dives for Riches down to the bottom,  
 And cries, my Masters, when he had got 'um,  
 Let every Tub stand upon his own Bottom,

*Which no body can deny.*

In War-like Acts he scorns to Stoop,  
 For when his Army begins to Droop,  
 He draws them up as round as a Hoop,

*Which no body can deny.*

The Jewish Scots that scorns to eat  
 The Flesh of Swine, and Brewers beat,  
 'Twas the fight of this Hogs-head made 'em retreat,

*Which no body can deny.*

Poor Jocky and his Basket-Hilt  
 Was beaten, and much Blood was spilt,  
 And their Bodies like Barrels did run a-tilt,

*Which no body can deny.*

Though Femmy gave the first assault,  
 The Brewer at last made them to halt,  
 And left them what the Cat left in the Maul.

*Which no body can deny.*

They

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle  
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,  
For his Nose and Copper were both of one Mettle,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Some Christian King began to quake,  
And said, with the Brewer no quarrels we'll make,  
We'll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He hath a strong and very stout Heart,  
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,  
But the Devil put a spoke in his Cart,  
*Which no body can deny.*

If any intended to do him disgrace,  
His fury would take off his Head in the place,  
He always did carry his Furnace in his Face,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But yet by the way you must understand,  
He kept his Foes so under command,  
That Pride could never get the upper hand,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He was a stout Brewer, of whom we may brag,  
But now he is hurried away with a Hag;  
He Brew'd in a Bottle, and Bak'd in a Bag,  
*Which no body can deny.*

And



And now may all stout Soldiers say,  
 Farewell the glory of the Day,  
 For the Brewer himself is turn'd to Clay,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Thus fell the brave Brewer, the Bold Son of  
 Slaughter,  
 We need not to fear what shall follow after,  
 For he dealt all his Life-time in Fire and Water,  
*Which no body can deny.*

And if his Successor had had but his might,  
 We had not been in a pittifull plight,  
 But he was found many grains to light,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Let's leave of Singing, and Drink off our Bub,  
 We'll call for a Reckoning, and every Man Club,  
 For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub.  
*Which no body can deny.*





LXXXVI.

*News from Colchester.*

Or, a Ballad of certain carnal Passages  
betwixt a *Quaker* and a *Colt*, at *Horsley*  
near *Colchester* in *Essex*.

To the Tune of, *Tom of Bedlam.*

**A**LL in the Land of *Essex*,  
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,  
On the side of a Bank,  
Was play'd such a Prank,  
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*,  
For Brother *Green's* a Stallion,  
Now alas what hope,  
Of converting the *Pope*,  
When a *Quaker* turns *Italian*!

3. Even

3-  
 Even to our whole Profession  
 A Scandal 'twill be counted,  
 When 'tis talk'd with disdain  
 Amongst the Profane,  
 How Brother *Green* was mounted:

4-  
 And in the good Time of *Christmas*,  
 Which though our Saints have damn'd all,  
 Yet when did they hear,  
 That a damn'd Cavalier,  
 'Ere play'd such a *Christmas* gambol?:

5-  
 Had thy Flesh, O *Green*, been pamp'rd  
 With any *Cates* unhallow'd,  
 Had'st thou sweeten'd thy Gums  
 With Pottage of Plumbs,  
 Or prophane minc'd Pie had'st swallow'd:

6-  
 Roll'd up in wanton Swine's Flesh,  
 The Fiend might have crept into thee,  
 Then fullness of Gut  
 Might have made thee rut,  
 And the Devil have so rid through thee.

7. But



7.

But alas, he had been feasted  
With a Spiritual Collation,  
By our frugal Mayor,  
Who can dine on a Prayer,  
And sup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,  
Though he us'd the weapon Carnal,  
Filly Foal, quoth he,  
My Bride thou shalt be:  
And how this is lawful, learn all.

9.

For if no respect of Persons  
Be due 'mongst the Sons of *Adam*,  
In a large extent,  
Thereby may be meant  
That a *Mare's* as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,  
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor Kiss'd her,  
But took her by Force,  
For better for worse,  
And us'd her like a Sister.

11. Now

11.

Now when in such a Saddle  
 A Saint will needs be riding,  
 Though we dare not say  
 'Tis a falling away,  
 May there not be some back-sliding?

12.

No surely, quoth *James Nailor*,  
 'Twas but an Insurrection  
 Of the carnal Part,  
 For a *Quaker* in Heart  
 Can never lose Perfection.

13.

For (as our Masters teach us)  
 The intent being well directed,  
 Though the Devil trapan  
 The Adamical Man,  
 The Saint stands uninfected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury  
 Ne'er judge what is intended;  
 Then say what we can,  
 Brother *Green's* outward Man  
 I fear will be suspended.

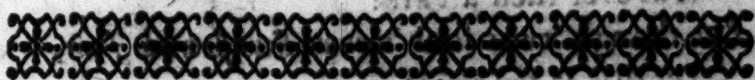
15. And

15.

And our adopted Sister  
Will find no better quarter,  
But when him we inroul  
For a Saint, Filly Foal  
Shall pass her self for a Martyr.

16.

Rome that Spiritual Sodom,  
No longer is thy debtor,  
O Colchester, now  
Who's Sodom but thou,  
Even according to the Letter?



LXXXVII.

*The Four-legg'd Quaker.*

To the Tune of, *The Four-legg'd Elder.*

**A**LL that have two or but one Ear,  
( I dare not tell ye half )  
You of an Essex Colt shall hear  
Will shame their very Calf.



In *Horsley Fields* near *Colchester*

A *Quaker* would turn Trooper;  
He caught a Foal and mounted her  
(O base!) below the Crupper.

*Help Lords, and Commons, once more help,*

*O send us Knives and Daggers,*

*For if the Quakers be not gelt,*

*Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

2.

*Ralph Green* (it was this Varlet's Name)

Of *Colchester* you'll swear,

For thence the *Four-legg'd Elder* came,

Was ever such a Pair!

But though 'twas foul 'tween *Swash* and *Fane*,

Yet this is ten times worse,

For then a Dog did play the Man,

But Man now play'd the Horse.

*Help, &c.*

3.

The Owner of the Colt was nigh,

(Observing their Embrace)

And drawing nearer did espy

The *Quaker's* sorrel Face:

My Foal is ravish'd (then he cries,

And fiercely at him ran)

Thou Rogue, I'll have thee haltered twice,

As Horse and eke as Man!

*Help, &c.*

4. Ah

4.  
Ah Devil, do'st thou tremble? now  
\*Tis fore against thy will;  
For Mares and Preaching Ladies know  
Thou hast a Colts-Tooth still:  
But mines not guilty of this Fact,  
She was by thee compelled;  
Poorthing, whom no Man ever back'd  
Thou wickedly hast Bellied.  
*Help, &c.*

5.  
O Friend (said Green, with Sighs and Groans)  
Let this thy Wrath appease;  
(And gave him then eight new Half-crowns  
To make him hold his Peace:)  
The Man reply'd, though I for this  
Conceal thy Hugger-Mugger,  
Do'st think it lawful for a Piece,  
A silly Foal to Bugger?  
*Help, &c.*

6.  
The Master saw his Colt defil'd,  
Which vext his Soul with doubt;  
For if his Filly prov'd with Child,  
He knew all would come out:

Then

238 A COLLECTION of

Then he afresh began to rave,  
 (For all his Money taking)  
 Neighbours, said he, I took this Knave  
 'Tch' very act of *Quaking*.  
*Help, &c.*

7.  
 Then to the Pinfold (Goal I mean)  
 They dragg'd him by the Mane,  
 They call'd him Beast, and call'd her *Queen*,  
 As if she had been *Fane* ;  
 O Stone him (all the Women cry'd)  
 Nay geld him (which is worse)  
 Who scorn'd us all, and took a Bride  
 That's Daughter to a Horse !  
*Help, &c.*

8.  
 The Colt was Silent all this while,  
 And therefore 'twas no Rape,  
 The Virgin Foal he did beguile,  
 And so intends to 'scape :  
 For though he caught her in a Ditch,  
 Where she could not revolt,  
 Yet he had no *Scottish Spurr* nor *Switch*  
 To ride the willing Colt.  
*Help, &c.*



**O Essex, Essex, England's Pride,**  
**Go burn this long-tail'd Queen,**  
**For though the Thames runs by thy side,**  
 It cannot wash thee clean !

'Tis not thy Bleating Son's Complaints,  
 Hold forth such wanton Courses,  
 Thy Oysters hint the very Saint  
 To Horn the very Horses.

*Help, &c.*

10.

Though they salute not in the Street,  
 (Because they are our Masters)  
 'Tis now reveal'd why Quakers meet  
 In Meadows, Woods and Pastures.  
 But Horse-men, Mare-men, all and some  
 Who Man and Beast perplex,  
 Not only from East-Horsley come,  
 But from West-Middlesex.

*Help, &c.*

11.

This was not GREEN the Felt-maker,  
 Nor Willow GREEN the Baker,  
 Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN Mariner,  
 But RALPH the Grass GREEN Quaker.

Had

Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,  
 And done his Office duly,  
 Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,  
 He had come off most blewly.

*Help, &c.*

<sup>12.</sup>  
 Alas you know by Man's Flesh came

The Foul-disease to Naples,  
 And now we fear the very same  
 Is broke into our Stables :

For Death hath Stolen so many Steeds,  
 From Prince and Peer, and Carrier,  
 That this new Murrain rather needs

A \* FARRAR than a Farrier.]

*Help, &c.*

[ \* Physician  
 to the then  
 Earl of Pem-  
 brook,

<sup>13.</sup>

Nay, if this GREEN within the Walls  
 Of Colchester left Forces,  
 Those Cavaliers were Canibals,  
 Eating his Humane Horses !

But some make Man their second Course,  
 (In cool Blood will not spare)

Who butcher Men and favour Horse  
 Will couple with a Mare.

*Help, &c.*

14. This

14.

This Centaur, unquoth other Thing,  
Will make a dreadful Breach :  
Yet though an Ass may Speak || or Sing || A new Sect  
O, let no Horses Preach ! of young Men  
But Bridle such wild Colts who can, and Women,  
When they'll obey no Summons, who Pray, Eat  
For Things begot 'tween Mare and and Sing ex-  
Man, tempore.  
Are neither Lords nor Commons.  
Help, &c.

15.

O Elders, Independants too,  
Though all your Power's combin'd ;  
Quakers will grow too strong for you  
Now Horse and Man are join'd :  
While Cavaliers, poor foolish Rogues,  
Know only Maid's Affairs,  
Sec-Presbyters can deal with Dogs,  
And Quaking-men with Mares.  
Help, &c.

16.

Now as when Milan Town was rear'd,  
A monstrous So wuntam'd,  
With Back half Hair half Wooll appear'd,  
'Twas Modiolanum nam'd :

M

So



So Colchester must have recourse  
 To some such four-legg'd Sister,  
 For sure as Horsley came from Horse,  
 From Colt 'twas call'd Col-*chester*.

*Help Lords, and Commons, once more help,*

*O send us Knives and Daggers!*

*For if the Quakers be not Gelt*

*Your Troops will have the Staggers.*



### LXXXVIII.

*Win at first, and Lose at last : or, A new  
 Game at Cards.*

To the Tune of, *Ye Gallants that delight to Play, &c.*

**Y**E merry Hearts that love to Play  
 At Cards, see who hath won the Day ;  
 You that once did sadly Sing,  
 The Knave of Clubs hath won the King ;  
 Now more happy Times we have,  
*The King hath overcome the Knave,  
 The King, &c.*

Not long ago a Game was play'd,  
 When three Crowns at the Stake was laid ;  
 England had no Cause to boast,  
 Knaves won that which Kings had lost :  
 Coaches gave the way to Carts,  
*And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts, &c.*

Old

Old Noll was the Knave o' Clubs,  
 And Dad of such as Preach in Tubs,  
 Bradshaw, Ireton and Pride,  
 Were three other Knaves beside;  
 And they play'd with half the pack,  
 Throwing out all Cards but Black,  
 Throwing out, &c.

But the just Fates threw these Four out,  
 Which made the Loyal Party shout;  
 The Pope would fain have had the Stock,  
 And with these Cards have whip'd his Dock;  
 But soon the Devil these Cards snatches,  
 To dip in Brimstone, and make Matches,  
 To dip, &c.

But still the Sport for to maintain,  
 Bold Lambert, Haslerigg and Vane:  
 With one Ey'd Hewson, took their Places,  
 Knaves were better Cards than Aces;  
 But Fleetwood he himself did save,  
 Because he was more Fool than Knave, &c.

Cromwell, though he so much had won,  
 Yet he had an unlucky Son;  
 He sits still and not regards,  
 Whilst cunning Gamesters set the Cards;  
 And thus, alas, poor silly Dick,  
 He play'd a while, and lost his Trick,  
 He play'd, &c.

The *Rumpers* that had won whole Towns,  
 The Spoils of Martyrs, and of Crowns,  
 Were not contented, but grew rough,  
 As though they had not won enough;  
 They kept the Cards still in their Hands,  
*To play for Tythes, and College-Lands,*  
*To play, &c.*

The *Presbyters* began to fret,  
 That they were like to lose the Sett;  
 Unto the *Rump* they did Appeal,  
 And said it was their turn to Deal;  
 Then dealt the *Presbyterians*, but  
*The Army swore that they would Cut, &c.*

The Foreign Lands began to wonder,  
 To see what Gallants we liv'd under,  
 That they which *Christmas* did forswear,  
 Should follow Gaming all the Year!  
 Nay more, which was the strangest Thing,  
*To play so long without a King, &c.*

The bold *Phanaticks* present were,  
 Like Butlers with their Boxes there;  
 Not doubting but that every Game,  
 Some Profit would redound to them;  
 Because they were the Gamesters Minions,  
*And ev'ry Day broach'd new Opinions, &c.*

But



But *Cheshire* Men (as Stories say)  
 Began to shew them Gamesters play;  
 Brave *Booth*, and all his Army strives,  
 To save the Stakes, or lose their Lives:  
 But, O, sad Fate! they were undone,  
 By playing of their Cards too soon, &c.

Thus all the while a Club was Trump,  
 There's none could ever beat the *Rump*;  
 Until a noble General came,  
 And gave the Cheaters a clear Slam;  
 His Finger did out-wit their Noddy,  
 And screw'd up poor Jack Lambert's Body,  
 And screw'd up, &c.

Then *Hastlerigg* began to scold,  
 And said the General play'd foul:  
 Look to him, Partners, for I tell ye,  
 This *Monk* has got a King in's Belly.  
 Not so, quoth *Monk*, but I believe,  
 Sir Arthur has a Knave in's Sleeve,  
 Sir Arthur, &c.

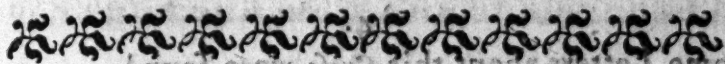
When General *Monk* did understand,  
 The *Rump* were peeping into's Hand,  
 He wisely kept his Cards from Sight,  
 Which put the *Rump* into a Fright;  
 He saw how many were betray'd,  
 That shew'd their Cards before they play'd, &c.

At length, quoth he, some Cards we lack,  
 I will not play with half a Pack;  
 What you cast out, I will bring in,  
 And a new Game we will begin;  
 With that the Standers-by did say,  
*They never yet saw fairer play, &c.*

But presently this Game was past,  
 And for a second Knaves were cast;  
 All new Cards, not stain'd with Spots,  
 As was the *Rumpers* and the *Scots*,  
 Here good Gamesters play'd their parts,  
*And turned up the King of Hearts.*

After this Game was done, I think,  
 The Standers-by had cause to Drink,  
 And Loyal Subjects sing,  
 Farewel Knaves, and welcome King:  
 For till we saw the King return'd,  
*We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd,*  
*We wish'd, &c.*





## LXXXIX.

*The Lawyer's Lamentation for the loss  
of Charing-Cross.*

Undone! Undone! the Lawyers cry,  
They ramble up and down;  
We know not the way to *Westminster*  
Now *Charing-Cross* is down:

Then fare thee well old *Charing-Cross*,

Then fare thee well old *Stump*;

It was a Thing, set up by the KING,

And so pull'd down by the *Rump*.

And when they came to the bottom of the *Stairs*,

They were all at a loss:

This is not the way to *Westminster*,

We must go by *Charing-Cross*:

Then fare thee well, &c.

The Parliament did Vote it down,

As a Thing they thought most fitting;

For fear it should fall, and so kill 'em all,

In the House as they were sitting.

Then fare thee well, &c.



4.

Some Letters about this *Cross* were found,  
 Or else it might been freed :  
 But I dare say, and safely Swear,  
 It could neither Write nor Read.  
*Then fare thee well, &c.*

5.

The *Whigs* they do affirm and say,  
 To *Popery* it was bent ;  
 For what I know, it might be so,  
 For to Church it never went.  
*Then fare thee well, &c.*

6.

This cursed Rump *Rebellious* Crew,  
 They were so damn'd hard-hearted ;  
 They pass'd a Vote that *Charing-Cross*  
 Should be taken down and carted.  
*Then fare thee well, &c.*

7.

Now *Whigs* I would advise you all,  
 'Tis what I'd have you do ;  
 For fear the King should come again,  
 Pray pull down *Tyburn* too.  
*Then fare thee well, &c.*

XC. The



XC.

*The Cavalier.*

**H**E that is a clear *Cavalier*  
 Need not repine ;  
 Altho' his Substance grow  
 So very low,  
 That he can't drink Wine :  
 Fortune is a Lass, will embrace,  
 And soon destroy ;  
 Freeborn in Liberty, will ever be,  
 Sing *Vive le Roy*.

Virtue is its own Reward,  
 And Fortune is a Whore,  
 Which none but Fools or Knaves regard,  
 Or e'er her Pow'r implore :  
 He that is a trusty *Roger*,  
 And will serve his King ;  
 Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier,  
 Yet he will skip and sing :  
 While they that Fight for Fame,  
 May the Ways of Honour prove ;  
 Yet they that make Sport of us,  
 May come short of us,

Fate will flatter them,  
~~And will flatter them;~~

Whilst our Loyalty  
 Looks upon Royalty;  
 We that live peaceably,  
 May be successfully  
 Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real honest Man,  
 May be utterly undone,  
 To show his Allegiance,  
 His Love and Obedience,  
 'Tis Virtue weighs him up,  
 Honour stays him up,  
 And shall raise him up,  
 Whilst we praise him up;  
 Let your fine Courtiers Dine,  
 With their full Bowls of Wine,  
 Honour will make him fast.

Freely let's be then, honest Men,  
 And kick at Fate;  
 For we shall live to see  
 Our Loyalty,  
 Valued at a high Rate.  
 He that bears a Word, or a Sword  
 Against the Throne;  
 Or doth profanely prate, against the State,  
 Has but little for his own.



What tho' Plummets, Painters and Players,  
 Are the prosp'rous Men?  
 Yet we will mind our own Affairs,  
 When we come to't agen;  
 Treachery may be fac'd with Light,  
 And Leachery hir'd with Furr;  
 A Cuckold may be made a Knight,  
 'Tis Fortune *de la Guerre*,  
 But what is that to us, Boys,  
 That now are honest Men?  
 We'll conquer and come again,  
 Beat up the Drum again,  
 Hey for Cavaliers,  
 Pray for Cavaliers,  
 Pray for Cavaliers,  
 O rare Cavaliers,  
 Rub a dub, dub a dub,  
 Have at Old Beelzebub,  
 Oliver stinks for fear:  
 Fifth Monarchy shall down,  
 Bullies and ev'ry Sect in Town,  
 We'll rally and to't again,  
 Give 'em the Rout again,  
 When they come again,  
 Charge 'em Home again,  
 Seize your own again,

Face to the right about,  
Tant-tarra rarra,  
And this is the Life of  
An honest bold Cavalier.



## XCI.

*The Committee.*

I.  
**N**OW the Veil is thrown off,  
And this pittance Nation,  
Too late finds the Gull,  
Of a *Kirk* Reformation;  
How all things that shou'd be,  
Are turn'd topsy-turvy;  
The Freedom we have,  
Our Prince made a Slave,  
And the Masters must now turn the Waiters:  
Now the great Ones obey,  
While the Rascals bear sway,  
And the Loyal to Rebels are Traytors.

2  
The Pulpits are crowded,  
With Tongues of their own,  
And the Teachers Spiritual,  
Committee-men grown;

To

To denounce Sequestration,  
On Souls of old Fashion;  
They Cant and they Pray,  
Till they've quite Preach'd away,  
The Wealth that was once the wise City's;  
Now the Courts in the Hall,  
Where the Lawyers did bawl,  
Are turn'd into pious Committees.

3.

Come Drawer, some Wine,  
Let us Sparkle and Shine,  
Until its own Drops fall a bounding;  
Like the Heart it makes light,  
Let it flow pure and right,  
And a Plague take all kind of compounding.

4.

I'll not be too wise,  
Nor strive to advise,  
How to suffer or gravely Despair;  
For Wisdom and Parts,  
Sits brooding on Hearts,  
And there they Hatch nothing but Care.

5.

Not a Thought shall come in,  
But what brings our King,  
Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain.  
We'll send by this Stealth,  
To our Hearts the King's Health,  
For there in despite he shall Reign.





## XCII.

*To a Fair Lady weeping for her Husband  
committed to Prison by the Parlia-  
ment.*

**T**USH, let them keep him if they can,  
He's not in hold while you are free,  
Come, sigh no more, but pledge the Man,  
What though in Fetters, yet can he,  
Be Prisoner unto none but thee;  
Then dry your Eyes, for every Tear,  
Makes them like drowned Worlds appear.

Post through the Air, my Fancy went,  
With Wings disguis'd, and there stood by  
When he was brought to th' Parliament,  
And streight to th' Bar, to th' Bar, they cry:  
The smiling Captain asked, *Why?*  
With that they soon drew up his Charge,  
Which Lady you shall hear at large.

*Imprimis*, He was married late,  
With a Gold Ring unto a Dame,  
Would make the best of us a Mate;  
Witty, Pretty, Young, and Quaint,  
And fairer than our selves can Paint:

Her Lips do set Mens Teeth on Edge,  
Sure 'tis a Breach of Privilege.

And her malignant Beauty, can  
Provoke our Members up to rise,  
Nay, make our General prove a Man;  
And the Star-Chamber of her Eyes,  
Robs Subjects of their Liberties:

And then her Voice keeps Fars in awe,  
Even like the High-Commission Law.

Nay more, the fair Delinquent hath  
A pair of Organs in her Throat,  
Which when she doth inspire with Breath,  
She can command in every Note,  
More than both our Houses Vote;

Her very Hair put in Array,  
Can fetter our Militia.

Her Cheeks still Natures Patent have,

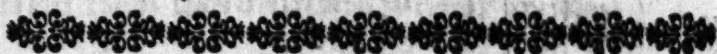
Not yet call'd in, for only she,  
In them ingrossed all that's brave,

And other Ladies Hucksters be  
Her Beauty's the Monopoly;

When theirs is spent, to her they come,  
And chaffer with her Face for some.

She

She keeps an Altar on her brow,  
 Her Eyes two Tapers on each side,  
 There superstitious Lovers bow :  
 Her Name is *Mary* to beside,  
 Who owns a Faith that's sanctify'd ;  
 Let's clap up him till farther Leisure,  
 And send for her to wait our Pleasure.  
 Then go fair Lady, follow him,  
 Fear no *Trumpet*, fear no *Drum* ;  
 Fair Women may prevail with *Pym*,  
 And one sweet Smile when there you come,  
 Will quickly strike the *Speaker Dumb* :  
 If not, then let one Tear be spent,  
 And 'twill dissolve the Parliament.



## XCIII.

*An EPI T A P H.*

**S** TAY Passenger : Behold ! and see,  
 The widowed Grave of *Majesty*,  
 Why tremblest thou ? Here's that will make,  
 All but our stupid Souls to shake :  
 Here lies Intomb'd the sacred Dust  
 Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Just :  
 The Blood (O start'st thou not to hear ?)  
 Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear

Shed,



Shed, and hurried hence to be  
The Miracle of Misery.

Add the Ills that *Rome* can boast,  
Shrift the World in every Coast;  
Mix the Fire of Earth and Seas,  
With humane Spleen and Practices,  
To puny the Records of Time,  
By one grand Gigantick Crime;  
Then swell it bigger till it squeeze  
The Globe to crooked Hams and Knees;  
Here's that shall make it seem to be  
But modest *Christianity*.

The *Law-giver*, amongst his own,  
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown;  
Voted *Monarchy* to Death  
By the course *Plebeian* Breath:  
The *Sovereign* of all command,  
Suffring by a *common* Hand.

A *Prince*, to make the *Odium* more,  
Offer'd at his very Door!  
The *Head* cut off, O Death to see!  
In Obedience to the Feet;  
And that by *Justice* you must know,  
If you hath Faith to think it so.  
We'll stir no further then, this Sacred Clay,  
But let it slumber till the *Judgment* Day:  
Of all the *Kings* on Earth, 'tis not denied,  
Here lies the first that for *Religion* died.

XCIV. On



## XCIV.

*On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle  
that hang'd himself.*

**A**LL hail fair Fruit! may every Crab-tree bear  
Such Blossoms, and so lovely every Year!  
Call ye me this the slip? Marry 'tis well,  
*Zachens* slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell!  
But if the Saints thus give the slip, 'tis need  
To look about us, to preserve the Breed!  
Th' are of the running Game, and thus to post  
In Nooses, blinks the reck'ning with their Host.  
Here's more than *Tassum cordum* I suppose  
That knit this knot; Guilt seldom singly goes!  
A wounded Soul close coupled with the Sense  
Of Sin, pays home its proper Recompence.

But hark you, Sir, if haste can grant the Time;  
See you the Danger yet what 'tis to climb  
In King's Prerogatives! Things beyond just,  
When Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be  
trust'd.

But O, I smell your Plot strong through your  
Hose,

'Twas but to cheat the Hangman of your Cloaths!  
Else your more active Hands had fairly stay'd!  
The leisure of a Psalm *Judas* has pray'd.

But later Crimes cannot admit the pause,  
 They run upon Effects more than the Cause:  
 Yet let me ask one Question, why alone?  
 One Member of a Corporation?  
 'Tis clear amongst Divines, Bodies and Souls  
 As jointly active, so their Judgments rowls  
 Concordant in the Sentence; why not so  
 In earthly Sufferings? *Seates* attended go.  
 But I perceive the Knack: Old Women say  
 And be't approv'd, each Dog should have his  
 Day.

Hence sweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,  
 And blanks enough for the new Saints to come,  
 All in *Red-Letters*: as their Faults have been  
 Scarlet, so limb their *Anniverse* of Sin.  
 And to their Children's Credits and their Wives  
 Be it still said, they leap fair for their Lives.

XCV.

A S O N G.

*The Royalist.*

Come, pass about the *Bowl* to me,  
 A Health to our distressed *King*;  
 Though we're in hold, let *Cups* go free,  
 Birds in a *Cage* may freely sing. The



The Ground does tippie Healths apace,  
 When *Storms* do fall, and shall not we?  
 A Sorrow dares not shew its Face,  
 When we are *Ships* and Sack's the *Sea*.

2.

Pox on this Grief, hang *Wealth*, let's sing,  
 Shall's kill our selves for fear of Death?  
 We'll live by th' *Air* which Songs doth bring,  
 Our *sighing* does but waste our Breath;  
 Then let us not be discontent,  
 Nor drink a Glas the less of *Wine*;  
 In vain they'll think their Plagues are spent,  
 When once they see we don't *repine*.

3.

We do not suffer here alone,  
 Though we are beggar'd, so's the *King*;  
 'Tis Sin t' have Wealth, when he has none,  
 Tush! Poverty's a *Royal* thing!  
 When we are larded well with Drink,  
 Our *Heads* shall turn as round as theirs,  
 Our *Feet* shall rise, our *Bodies* sink,  
 Clean down the Wind, like *Cavaliers*.

4.

Fill this unnatural *Quart* with Sack;  
 Nature all vacuums doth decline,  
 Our selves will be a *Zodiack*,  
 And every Mouth shall be a Sign.

Me thinks the *Travels* of the Glafs,  
Are circular like *Plato's Year*,  
Where every thing is as it was ;  
Let's ripple round ; and so 'tis here.



XCVI.

A SONG.

*The New Courtier.*

I.

**S**INCE it must be so,  
Then so let it go,  
Let the *Giddy-brain'd Times* turn round ;  
Since we have no *King*, let the *Goblet* be crown'd,  
Our *Monarchy* thus we'll recover ;  
While the *Pottles* are weeping, we'll drench our sad  
Souls,  
In *beg-bellied Bowls*,  
Our Sorrows in Sack shall lie sleeping,  
And we'll drink till our Eyes do run over ;  
And prove it by Reason,  
That it can be no *Treason*,  
To Drink and to Sing,  
A *Mournival* of *Healts* to our new-crown'd *King*.

2. Let

Let us all stand bare;  
 In the *Presence* we are;  
 Let our *Noses* like *Bonfires* shine;  
 Instead of the *Conduits*, let the *Pottles* run Wine,  
 To perfect this new *Coronation*;  
 And we that are *Loyal*,  
 In Drink, shall be *Peers*,  
 Whiles that *Face*, that wears,  
 Pale *Claret*, looks like the *Blood-Royal*;  
 And out-stares the *Bores* of the Nation:  
 In sign of *Obedience*,  
 Our *Oaths* of *Allegiance*,  
 Beer-glasses shall be,  
 And he that tipples *Ten*, 's of the *Nobility*.

3.

But if in this *Reign*,  
 The *Halberted Train*,  
 Or the *Constable* should rebel;  
 And should make their rwy-bill'd *Milnia* to swell,  
 And against the King's Party raise Arms,  
 Then the *Drawers* like *Yeomen*  
 Of the Guard, with *Quart-pots*,  
 Shall fuddle the Sots,  
 While we make 'um both *Cuckolds* and *Freemen*,  
 And on their Wives beat up *Alarums*:  
 Thus as each *Health* passes,  
 We'll tipple the Glasses,  
 To be *Loyal*, and drink in Defence of our King.  
 XCVI. A





XCVII.

A SONG.

For General Monk's Entertainment at  
Cloth-workers-Hall.

I.

**R**ING Bells! and let Bonfires out-blaze the  
Sun!

Let *Ecchoes* contribute their Voice!

Since now a happy Settlement's begun,

Let all Things tell how all good Men rejoice.

If these sad Lands by this,

Can but obtain the Bliss,

Of their desired, though abused Peace;

We'll never never more

Run mad, as we have heretofore,

To buy our Ruin; but all Strife shall cease.

2.

The *Cobler* shall edify us no more,

Nor shall in *Divinity* set any Stitches;

The *Women* we will no more hear and adore,

That Preach with their Husbands for the *Breeches*.

The *Phanatical* Tribe,

That will not subscribe

To

264 A COLLECTION of, &c.

To the Orders of Church and of State,  
Shall be smother'd with the Zeal,  
Of their new Common-weal,  
And no Man will mind what they Prate,

*Chorus.*

We'll Eat, and we'll Drink, we'll Dance, and  
we'll Sing,

The Roundheads and Caveys no more shall be  
nam'd ;

But all join together to make up the Ring ;

And rejoyce that the many-headed Dragon is tam'd.

'Tis Friendship and Love, that can save us, and arm  
us,

And while we all agree, there is nothing can  
harm us.

*The End of the First Volume.*



nd

be

n'd.

arm

can

ST

IT

IT